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HISTORIC LEAVES

VOLUME VI.

April, 1907

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LUTHER BATCHELDER PILLSBURY

CORRECTIONS IN VOL. VI.

No. 1, page 7, line 13, for Emily, read Emeline.

No. 1, page 7, line 20, for Jane, read Martha.

No. 1, page 8, line 16, Mrs. W. French Smith.

No. 1, page 8, lines 26 and 35, Adaline L.

No. 1, page 9, line 3, for Peter, read Philip.

No. 1, page 12, line 35, Thomas Gooding.

No. 1, page 15, line 20, 1849.

HISTORIC LEAVES

VOL. VI.

APRIL, 1907

No. 1

LUTHER B. PILLSBURY.

Vice-President of the Somerville Historical Society.—A Prominent Citizen of Somerville.—Died March 8, 1905.

Luther Batchelder Pillsbury was born in Bridgewater, N. H., November 23, 1832, and was the son of Caleb and Nancy (Nelson) Pillsbury. He was of the sixth generation in descent from William and Dorothy Pillsbury, who were married in Dorchester, Mass., in 1641, and settled in Newburyport, where a descendant erected the original Pillsbury mansion* in 1700.

Mr. Pillsbury's great-grandfather, Caleb Pillsbury, was one of the most prominent citizens of the town of Amesbury, Mass. He was repeatedly chosen selectman, was representative to the General Court and to the Provincial Congress. He was a captain of militia under the royal authority, and his commission under the king's name, signed by Governor Hutchinson, is carefully preserved by a descendant. He was captain of the little company of fifteen minutemen who marched from Amesbury to Cambridge on the Lexington alarm. Of the members of the company, four were named Pillsbury, three being his own sons. All of his five sons were at different times in the Continental army.

His son Caleb, grandfather of Luther B. Pillsbury, was born in Amesbury. He engaged in agriculture, and occupied at different times farms in Loudon and Bridgewater, N. H. He married Judith Sargent, and both lived to an advanced age. The former's last days were spent at Danville, Vt. The couple were the parents of thirteen children, all of whom grew to maturity.

*Burned about ten years ago.

Their son, Caleb Pillsbury, father of the subject of this sketch, was born and reared in Loudon, N. H., and acquired a good education. In early life he taught school, but eventually turned his attention to farming. He removed to Bridgewater, N. H., where he resided until his death, which occurred when he was eighty-seven years of age. He was a man of practical ability and sound judgment, and served as selectman and town clerk in Bridgewater for a period of ten years. His wife, Nancy (Nelson) Pillsbury, was a native of Ipswich, Mass., and a daughter of William Nelson. She was the mother of twelve children (of whom Luther B. was the youngest), and died at the age of fifty-three, when Luther B. was sixteen years of age.

Luther worked on the farm in early life, and by his own efforts was fitted for college at the New Hampton Institute. He taught while yet a student, beginning his first school before his sixteenth birthday, and also was engaged in teaching winters while pursuing his college course at Dartmouth, from which he graduated in 1859. Among the towns he taught in during this period are Campton, N. H., North Sandwich, Mass., South Yarmouth, Mass., Deering, N. H., and Cedarville (Sandwich), Mass. After graduating, he continued to teach for a period of twenty years in grammar and high school positions in Massachusetts. He taught in Canton and in the Reading, Hopkinton, and Bridgewater high schools. For one year he was principal of the Prescott grammar school, Somerville, resigning to accept a sub-master's position in the Charlestown high school, which he held several years. He also held a similar position in the Somerville high school.

Over his pupils he exercised a great influence. A teacher who had an intimate acquaintance with his methods asserted that "he never saw a man who could keep such good order with so little apparent effort as he."

Mr. Pillsbury removed to Somerville from Bridgewater, Mass., in 1872, and for many years resided at 45 Sargent avenue, formerly Mills street, where he reared his family. In 1883 he turned his attention to the real estate business, in which he continued until his death.

In politics he was a Republican, and was elected to the Somerville common council in 1877, acting as president of that body in 1878.

In 1863 he was married to Miss Mary A. Leathe, daughter of Edwin B. Leathe, a shoe manufacturer of Reading, who was a teacher before her marriage. Mrs. Pillsbury was connected by ties of blood with the Weston family of Reading and Brooks family of Medford. She possessed considerable literary ability, and contributed poems to the *Youth's Companion*, the *Congregationalist*, and other publications. She was the author of the book of poems, "Old Mill and Other Poems." She died in Somerville in 1888. Of her four children, three survive. They are Edwin Brooks Pillsbury, publisher of the *Grocers' Magazine*, now residing in Medford; Dr. Ernest D. Pillsbury, a practicing physician at 8 Curtis street, West Somerville; and Miss May F. Pillsbury, a member of the *Somerville Journal* staff. The youngest son, Harry Nelson Pillsbury, the noted chess player, died in Philadelphia June 17, 1906.

Mr. Pillsbury married February 6, 1895, Mrs. Mary A. Libby, of Somerville, who survives him, and is an active member of the Somerville Historical Society.

He was vice-president of the Somerville Board of Trade, and active in all the meetings of the organization. He was also vice-president of the Somerville Historical Society, and president of the Somerville Fire Underwriters. He was prominent in the Somerville Sons and Daughters of New Hampshire; was a member of the Massachusetts society of the Sons of the American Revolution; past dictator of Winter Hill lodge, Knights of Honor; a contributing member of Willard C. Kinsley post, 139, G. A. R.; a member of the Somerville Y. M. C. A. and the Broadway Congregational church; and also of the Masonic fraternity, in which in his younger days he was very active.

Possessed of a fund of general information, which was always at the disposal of those who sought his counsel, and having a cheerful, even temperament, he was a valuable person in any community. Although not a lawyer, he had an extensive legal

knowledge, and was frequently consulted by those in need of advice. In business transactions he had an enviable record for honesty and fair dealing. His main idea in life was to set a good example to others and to leave an honorable name behind him.

He was unusually interested in public affairs. In whatever pertained to the welfare of the city he took a prominent part, and was always ready to give an opinion on any important question. He was a frequent contributor to the Somerville Journal and other publications, writing with a clear and vigorous style.

Having a good memory, he was able to repeat many passages from the best literature. He was literary in his tastes, and was particularly fond of his library.

The funeral services were held on Saturday, March 11, 1905, at 1 p. m. from his home, 17 Dartmouth street. The city flags were placed at half-mast, and from 12 to 2 o'clock the stores on Broadway in the vicinity of his office were closed. The services were conducted by Rev. Horace H. Leavitt, pastor of the Broadway Congregational church, of which Mr. Pillsbury was a member for many years; Rev. Charles L. Noyes, pastor of the Winter Hill Congregational church, a long-time friend; and Rev. Francis Gray, pastor of the Winter Hill Universalist church, his next neighbor.

The sentiments of affection and esteem which were feelingly expressed at the funeral service and were spread upon the records of the various organizations to which Mr. Pillsbury belonged may be summed up in the following, taken from an editorial in the Somerville Journal:—

“A man of wide experience and learning, of a kindly and generous nature, and interested in every phase of public development, he was an exceedingly valuable man in the community. In the Winter Hill section of this city no man could be more sorely missed.”

UNION SQUARE AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD ABOUT THE YEAR 1846.

By Charles D. Elliot.

I first knew Union square in 1846, at which time it was called "Sand Pit square," a name said to have been given it, facetiously or otherwise, by some of the gentfolk of Winter Hill. The name, though not euphonious, was appropriate, as its western side bordered sand lands that for years supplied the neighboring brick yards, as well as cities, with the best of silica. In shape it was not a square, for it was wide at its easterly and westerly ends, and narrow at its centre, so that, considering that for years sand was passing through it, it might with propriety have been christened the "Hour Glass." Later on a flagstaff was erected in it, and from that time till the Civil War it was known as "Liberty Pole square." When the war began it became a recruiting centre and took its present name of "Union square."

In confining my recollections to about the year 1846, I am obliged to leave out many prominent people who came later, and who contributed much to the good name of this neighborhood and of the town, among whom were Major Caleb Page, father of Health Officer Page; Thomas F. Norris, editor of the Olive Branch; Colonel Rolin W. Keyes, member of the Legislature; Amory and Francis Houghton, who built the Glass house; Charles S. Lincoln, Esq., who also represented us in the Legislature; John S. Ware; "Father Baker," one of the founders of the First Methodist church; James S. and Isaiah W. Tuttle, who built the first high school, now our city hall; Dr. Charles I. Putnam; Dr. Weston, our earliest, or one of our earliest, postmasters; D. A. and S. H. Marrett, prominent storekeepers; and many others.

Our family moved from Malden to Somerville in 1846 to a residence and store then facing on Union square, and owned by Jeremiah Jordan, a professional musician, I think connected with Ditson's music store. A man named Gossom kept store in this

building when we moved to it; the building was afterwards owned by George A. and Albert L. Sanborn, who carried on the grocery business in it, and who christened it the "Oasis." The Oasis originally stood quite out to the southerly line of Union square, and about one hundred and twenty feet east of Webster avenue; it had a piazza in front, which was the rendezvous of the idlers of that part of the village. At the easterly corner of this piazza, overshadowed by a lofty and picturesque elm, stood one of the town pumps, with its well of delicious water. Elm and pump are gone, except in recollection, and the Oasis itself has crept back and sat down in the rear of its former lot, and given place to a more juvenile store in front, yet I ween the old well still reposes there underground.

We came to Somerville about four years after it was set off from Charlestown, my father's attention having been called to the town by an advertisement in the Boston papers, put in by Sanford Adams, pump maker, who extolled the opportunities here for artisans and business men.

In 1846, besides Jordan's house, I think there were only two others fronting on the square; one, Mrs. Mary B. Homer's, was just west of Jordan's, and like his was a dwelling with a store in front, kept by Mrs. Homer; her children were Jacob, George W., Annie, and Mary. Some of her descendants I think still live in Somerville. The other house on the square was, I believe, owned by the Stone estate, and then, or later, occupied by John C. Giles. I think it stood on the site of the old Revolutionary hostelry known as "Piper's Tavern," and it may have been the old tavern building itself. Mr. Giles first built on the westerly side of Prospect street, north of the Fitchburg railroad, and then on Milk street (now Somerville avenue), near Prospect street; from there he moved to Union square. Two of his children were well-known Somerville citizens, Mrs. Eunice (Giles) Gilmore, prominent in Heptorean and other societies, and J. Frank Giles, music printer, and a soldier of the Civil war, who has honored Somerville with his commendatory army record.

In front of Mr. Giles' house stood another public pump;

the two public pumps, Jordan's and Giles', stared pleasantly at each other across the square, and with outstretched hands vied with one another in extending their aqueous hospitality to thirsty travelers, without money and without price. On the easterly side of Bow street, near the square, was the mansion of Deacon Robert Vinal, a pleasant home, with grape arbors, peach, apple, and pear orchards, flower gardens and conservatories. I shall never forget one tree of whose fruit I was especially fond, a blue pearmain apple. Mr. Vinal had a fine barn and stable in the rear of his house; these were afterwards destroyed by incendiary fire. Deacon Vinal's children were Robert A., Quincy A., John W., Edward E., Alfred E., Margaret, afterwards wife of General William L. Burt, postmaster of Boston, Emily, afterwards Mrs. Wilder, Elizabeth, Lydia, Martha, and Lucy. Deacon Vinal was one of the largest property holders in the town; I recollect him as a pleasant gentleman of the old school; his and Mrs. Vinal's pleasant greeting to me on my return from the army will always be an agreeable memory.

Next north of Deacon Vinal's, on Bow street, came the estate of Robert Sanborn, the father of Jane, wife of Richard Sturtevant, Esq. She lived on part of the old estate until her death a few years since. Mr. Sanborn's sons, George A. and Albert L., have already been mentioned. Mr. Sanborn was a kindly man, known to every one as "Uncle Robert"; his farm, like all the others on the north sides of Washington and Bow streets, extended far up the hill, and lay between Deacon Vinal's and Walnut street, then a lane. His house was, I think, moved to and still stands on Clark street.

Between Walnut street and School street, on Bow, the only other house I remember was that of Henry Adams, "Squire Adams," as we all called him. His house was an old Revolutionary one, at which the British are said to have stopped for water on their way to Concord; it was torn down to make way for the Methodist church.

Starting again on the northwest side of Bow street, near Sand Pit square, was the Hawkins block of four tenements, the

occupants of which, with the exception of Mr. Smith, a broom manufacturer, and Captain Donnell, a ship master, I do not recall; and these may have lived in the block later than 1846. In later years this block was moved around the corner on to Somerville avenue, raised, and a new story built under it, and is still in existence. Next to this block on Bow street was the estate of David Bolles; then came the house of Levi Orcutt, afterwards owned by Thomas Goodhue; then that of A. W. Russell; and still on the same side of Bow street the house and shop of Leonard Arnold, sashmaker, a skilled artisan, genial man, and a member of the Cincinnati. This residence still remains, and his son, J. Frank Arnold, is still a resident of Somerville. Next to Mr. Arnold's, at the corner of Bow and Milk streets, where Drouet's block now is, was the home of Theophilus Griffin. Mr. Griffin was an owner of sand and brick teams, and one of the most prominent men in that line of business. Mrs. Dr. J. French Smith was his daughter.

Returning again to Union square, the estate east of Deacon Vinal's was that of Messrs. Jonathan and Nathaniel T. Stone. Stone avenue now runs through the old Stone estate, and Stone block is on the front of the old Stone property. F. W. Stone, treasurer of the Somerville savings bank, and the Misses Sara and Lucy Stone, Mrs. Jonathan Stone, and Mrs. N. T. Stone, are the present representatives of the Stone families. East of the Stone estate was that of David A. Sanborn, brother of Robert Sanborn, already mentioned, and father of David A., Jr., Daniel A., and Adeline E. Sanborn, all deceased. David A., Jr., was a carpenter and builder, and was for some time captain or chief of our fire department, and also held various public offices for many years in the town and city; he married a daughter of John C. Magoun, Esq., of Winter Hill. Daniel A. Sanborn was a well-known and successful civil engineer, and founder of the Sanborn (Insurance) Map Company of New York. Miss Adeline E. was a teacher in our public schools, under whom the writer studied; the family is now represented here in Somerville by Miss Adeline L. Sanborn,

recently a teacher in our city schools, and by J. Walter Sanborn, Esq., one of our school committee. East of Mr. Sanborn's was the widow Peter Bonner estate, and east of that the home of William Bonner, which was moved back up the hill to make way for the Prospect Hill grammar school, built in 1848. The Peter Bonner property was later on divided between the heirs, viz., William Bonner, Mrs. Thomas Goodhue, and Mrs. Augustus Hitchings. William Bonner was at one time in the coal business on Park street, and was also station agent at the Fitchburg railroad Somerville station.

East of the Bonners' came the home estate of Joseph Clark, brick maker, who had yards south of the Fitchburg railroad; he was a man of business ability, and at one time a selectman. Of his children, Mrs. Oren S. Knapp* and Samuel Adams Clark are still living, but his remaining children, Ambrose, Manly, Arthur, and Miss Mary A. Clark, are deceased. East of Clark's came the two old Revolutionary houses on the north side of Washington street, whose occupants I have forgotten, but in one of which a British soldier was shot April 19, 1775. East of these houses came the residence of John Dugan, Esq., now occupied by his son, George D. Haven. Still farther east across Medford street was the house of James Hill, Jr., a fine estate; his sons, Richard and Charles, were in the Civil war, James F., another son, lives in Boston, and a daughter, Harriet, is dead. On the east side of Alston street (then Three Pole lane) was the estate of Deacon Benjamin Randall, at one time town collector, and still further east that of Charles Tufts, founder of Tufts College. Mr. Tufts was an ardent Universalist, as was my father, and perhaps for that reason he became one of my father's best customers, often stopping to discuss the creed on his business calls. Mr. Tufts not only endowed the college, but donated land and money for the church on Cross street.

On the south side of Washington street, facing Union square, was the wheelwright shop of Horace Runey, and a little further east the residence of John B. Giles, marble cutter, who

Deceased, June 16, 1907, since the above was written.

came from Ogdensburg, N. Y. He was father of Miss Mary O. Giles, one of the first teachers of Somerville, and of Joseph J. Giles, the first boy born in Somerville after its incorporation, and a veteran of the Civil war. Miss Mary O. Giles married Isaac Barker, and moved to California. There were other children. In this Giles house lived for a time Dr. Stephen B. Sewall. On the southwest corner of Washington and Prospect streets was the ancient engine house, with its little belfry and bell, "Mystic No. 6," a "cast-off" from Charlestown. On the southeast corner of these streets, and opposite the Joseph Clark house already mentioned, lived another Joseph Clark, father of one of our oldest residents, Joseph H. Clark, of Spring Hill. Mr. Clark's widow married Leonard Arnold, of whom I have already spoken. In this Clark house Mrs. Mary B. Homer, already mentioned, first opened her store.

Next east, on the southerly side of Washington street, came the home of Clark Bennett, Esq., brickmaker, and later on town treasurer, and alderman of the city. Mr. Bennett had a large family, most of whom have distinguished themselves in their various social and business relations. Lieutenant-Colonel Edwin Clark Bennett and his brother, Irving M. Bennett, were both valiant soldiers in the Civil war, each being severely wounded in battle; George Eldon; Herbert W., a prominent musician, who died in California; Dana and Dexter, the well-known insurance men, Dana having for many years been alderman, and later chairman of the school committee and mayoralty nominee; Josiah, who as cashier of the Market bank, and president of the Mercantile Trust Company, Cambridge Electric Light Company, Parry Brick Company, and Fresh Pond Ice Company, has shown great business ability; Mrs. Gustina Hall; Mrs. Hattie E. Bean, recently nominated for Boston school committee; Miss Melvina Bennett, elocutionist; and two others. His was a typical old New England family. Mr. Bennett came here from Vermont about 1835. He was a strong abolitionist when abolition was not a passport to popularity; he was a friend of Wilson, Garrison, Phillips, and Sumner. At an anti-slavery meeting held

in the old engine house hall, Mr. Bennett was the only person present; he was chairman, secretary, speaker, audience, and all hands. The papers of the next day, however, reported the gathering as a very harmonious and enthusiastic one, and that strong anti-slavery resolutions were passed, without a dissenting voice.

East of Mr. Bennett's was the residence of Hiram Allen, rope and twine manufacturer, whose rope walk, run by tide power, was on the south side of Somerville avenue, east of Prospect street, on Miller's creek. Hiram Allen, Jr., the leader of Allen's band, still lives in the old home. Mr. Allen had two other children, Margaret and Lucy. Beyond Mr. Allen's was the "yellow block," still standing, occupied about this time by the family of Mr. Fellows, and previously by Clark Bennett. Further on was the residence of Ivers Hill, provision dealer; oil portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Hill were in the last exhibition of the Historical Society. East of Mr. Hill's was the residence of Charles Miller, clothing dealer in Boston. Mr. Miller had the honor of naming Somerville. Some of his descendants still reside in Somerville. He was the great-grandson of James Miller, the Somerville minuteman killed on Prospect Hill on April 19, 1775, by the British; to whose memory a tablet was erected on Washington street, bearing his last words: "I am too old to run." Beyond Mr. Miller's came the estate of Mrs. Underwood; her son, James Underwood, a cripple, I well remember as a schoolmate. His sister was the wife of Horace Runey, deceased. Near here also lived John Thorning, an estimable old gentleman, whom I well knew; he was a Universalist, and was the father of Mrs. Nancy (Thorning) Munroe, wife of Edwin Munroe, Jr.; she was a lady of great literary attainments, and a poet. Next came the residence of Andrew M. Kidder, music printer, who had previously resided on Mystic avenue, at the foot of Convent Hill; two of his sons, Arthur T. and Andrew M. Kidder, still reside in Somerville. On the west corner of Medford street and south side of Washington street, then or a few year later stood the law office of Francis Tufts, captain of our military company before the Civil war, and the first justice of a Somerville court; he is still

living in the house previously occupied by his father on the opposite corner of Washington and Medford streets. His father formerly owned the grain mills at Charlestown Neck, and the grain store near Warren bridge. Nathan Tufts was also father of Mrs. Booth, and of Nathan Tufts, Jr., who lived on Central street, and grandfather of Dr. E. C. Booth, and of Miss M. Alice Tufts and Albert C. Tufts, deceased; and was brother of Charles Tufts, founder of Tufts College.

Between Nathan Tufts' house and the Lowell railroad was the house of Samuel C. Bradshaw, Jr., still standing; he owned the adjacent large tract of land, bordering also on Joy street, which he divided into lots and built upon. Edward H. Bradshaw, who opened up and developed more recently the properties on Westwood road, is a grandson of S. C. Bradshaw.

On the south side of Washington street stood the "Milk Row" station of the Lowell railroad, the first, I think, in Somerville. About this time S. C. Bradshaw, Sr., owned a residence on Joy street, and Zebediah Kinsley one on Linwood street. Mr. Kinsley was the ancestor of Willard C. Kinsley, veteran from Somerville killed in the Civil war, and after whom the G. A. R. post is named, and of his brother, Colonel Frederick W. Kinsley, also veteran of the Civil war, also of Henry Kinsley and of Albert C. Kinsley. The Kinsleys were brickmakers, the younger members of the family being prominent scholars in our grammar and high schools; a daughter, Miss Joanna Kinsley, recently lived in Brighton.

On the west side of Boston street, near Washington, was a house owned by Benjamin F. Allen, who married Mrs. Booth, widow of Dr. Chauncey Booth, of McLean asylum, and mother of Dr. E. C. Booth, one of the trustees of our public library. When the Pope schoolhouse was built, this house was moved to another lot on Boston street, where it now stands. On the south side of Munroe street, which at one time was called Prospect street, stands a house formerly occupied by J. T. Trowbridge, the author, and another by Samuel H. Gooding; his son, Edmund H. Gooding, was a member of the First Massachusetts

cavalry in the Rebellion. Opposite these houses, on the north side of Munroe street, was the residence of Edward L. Stevens, Esq., now owned by Mr. Leighton, and another occupied by Frederick W. Hannaford, harness maker, whose son, Edward Francis, was the first Somerville soldier killed in the Rebellion; this house was afterwards owned by M. P. Elliott, hatter. Near the top of the hill overlooking Union square stood an old double house, recently torn down, owned lately by the Randall heirs, and then occupied by a Mr. Willard, portrait painter; and further on, also on the south side of Munroe street, was the residence of Benjamin Sweetzer Munroe. His children were Mrs. Major Granville W. Daniels and George S. Munroe, Esq. Further north on the hill was a private school for Catholic boys, kept by G. W. Beck, and near by an old grist mill owned by Edwin Munroe, father of Benjamin S. and Edwin Munroe, Jr., already mentioned, and grandfather of the author, Elbridge S. Brooks, Esq., deceased, formerly vice-president of the Historical Society.

From Union square along the southerly side of Somerville avenue to the East Cambridge line I do not recall any dwellings. At the northeast corner of the avenue and Prospect street was the house of Benjamin F. Ricker, mason, father of Captain Melvin B. Ricker, of our fire department; east of this was the house built by John C. Giles, already spoken of, later owned by Samuel Thompson, flour inspector, a colored man, said to have been one of the best flour judges in Boston, a gentleman of dignified manner.

The blacksmith shop of Seward Dodge, the paint shop of J. Q. Twombly, and Artemas White's harness shop, all between Union square and Prospect street, on the south side of Somerville avenue, and the house of Abraham Welch, superintendent of town streets, were, I think, all built later than 1846. Mr. Dodge was councilman and later alderman of the city, and Mr. Twombly was prominent in the Universalist society, and a much-respected citizen. On Prospect street, north of the railroad, were the houses of David A. Sanborn, in one of which he afterwards lived; in another, a double house, the former residence

of John C. Giles, lived, if I remember aright, the families of Nathaniel Blair and of Isaac Barker, brickmakers. On the east side of Prospect street, south of the railroad, about opposite the present Oak street, was the residence of Amos Hazeltine, also brickmaker; his was the only house on the east side of Prospect street.

Much of the territory south of the railroad and a small piece north of it were occupied by brick yards, Mr. Hazeltine's, Clark Bennett's, G. W. Wyatt's, Joseph Clark's, and others. There were two one-story cottages south of the railroad and adjoining it, between Webster avenue and Prospect street, owned by Patrick Egan, and still standing. On the south side of Washington street, just east of the railroad bridge, was the house of Sanford Adams, pump maker, and his shop was nearby, adjacent to the railroad, over which came his pump logs. His pumps and those of his successors, Messrs. Hamblen and Kingman, were reputed the best in New England.

The only other house on the south side of Washington street that I remember was near the corner of Beacon street, occupied or owned by Christopher Hawkins, a road master on the Fitchburg railroad. On the north side of Washington street, west of the bridge, stood the ancient "lean-to" house owned by Guy C. Hawkins. It was said, and also disputed, that this was an old Revolutionary house, and that it had been loop-holed for musketry. It was occupied by Alonzo Burbank, sand dealer, whose teams could be seen at all times of the day either at Sand Pit square or on their way to or returning from the numerous brick yards near, or in Cambridge or Charlestown. Mr. Burbank's son was William E. Burbank, recently deceased, for thirty years or more a member of the Somerville fire department, being its assistant engineer. A photograph of this old house, with its annex of wood sheds, so common sixty years or more ago, was presented by the writer to the Historical Society.

West of Burbank's were the houses of Mr. Swett, of Mr. Leland, carriage builder, and of Mr. Pettengill, all still standing, and perhaps one or two others. Mr. Swett was killed at the Somerville-avenue crossing of the Fitchburg railroad.

Along the west side of Beacon street, north of Washington (Kirkland street in Cambridge), lay Palfrey's and Norton's groves. These umbral parks were really in Cambridge; they were the resort of old and young in the summer time; they were owned by Hon. John G. Palfrey, author of the history of New England, and by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, a friend of Longfellow's. Mr. Norton is still living. From Union square west up Somerville avenue the nearest house was owned by Primus Hall, a colored man; it still stands. It has its corner cut off, which was done when that part of Somerville avenue was laid out about the year 1813, and again when the avenue was widened in 1874; previously it was reached by a court from Bow street. Further west, and back from the avenue in the field, was the home, surrounded with orchards and gardens, of Colonel Guy C. Hawkins. Mr. Hawkins' widow afterwards became Mrs. Mann. Her children were Mrs. Alice E. Lake, N. Carleton Hawkins, and Eben C. Mann, Jr.

West of and adjoining the Hawkins estate was the old cemetery, opened about 1804. In its easterly front corner stood the "Milk Row primary school," burned in 1859; it was the first school the writer attended in Somerville, and was taught by Miss Adeline E. Sanborn, of whom mention has already been made.

Between the cemetery and the bleachery the only other house was that of Samuel T. Frost, Esq., father of Mrs. Francis H. Raymond and of George Frost, both living on Spring Hill. Mr. Frost's house was formerly owned by his grandfather, Samuel Tufts, who is said to have spread the alarm of the British march on the night of April 18, 1775; this house was the headquarters of General Nathaniel Green during the siege of Boston. Some way beyond was the bleachery, with its surrounding colony, which deserves a separate paper.

On the northerly side of Somerville avenue, west of School street, was the estate of Jonathan Ireland, father of George W. Ireland, Esq., a large land holder here for many years; the only member of the family living is, I think, Mrs. Martha J. Gerry, of Jamaica Plain. Further west came the house of Osgood Dane

and of Osgood B. Dane, his son, back of which was the granite quarry. Yet westerly was the residence of Mr. Field, a relative of Mr. Ireland, and further yet on the easterly side of Central street the house owned then or a little later by the Stone estate. A picture of this house is owned by the Historical Society.. It has since been removed or torn down.

Between Union square and the west end of Bow street, on the north side of Somerville avenue, was the residence of Levi Orcutt, Esq., carpenter, whose family is now represented by Edward L. Orcutt, inventor of the electrical safety appliances for preventing railway collisions.

In 1847 my father was appointed station agent of the "Prospect-street station"—now Union square—of the Fitchburg railroad, which position he held for about sixteen years, or until nearly the end of 1862. Through my long residence in that section during my youth I have stored in memory recollections of people, scenes, and incidents of the vicinity of Union square, which I think are in the main correctly given herein.

I have endeavored to make mention of all persons and places, and if I have omitted any, it has been an omission due to forgetfulness.

In another paper I shall try to cover incidents, etc., which occurred at about the period indicated, and perhaps include persons whom I have herein forgotten.

COMPANY E, 39TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY, IN THE CIVIL WAR.

[The following account is taken from the diary of John H. Dusseault. The diary will be followed closely in all its details, but for the sake of clearness, bare statements will be amplified in a way, it is hoped, to make this story of our fellow-townsmen a more valuable contribution to the history of a period in which he bore an important and honorable part.]

Company E, which will go down to history as the Somerville company, was recruited during July and August, 1862, on Prospect Hill. The town, through its agents, the selectmen, encouraged the enlistments, which went on rapidly under the direction of the three officers who received their commissions from the selectmen. These officers were Captain Fred R. Kinsley, First Lieutenant Joseph J. Giles, and Second Lieutenant Willard C. Kinsley. All three had completed their term of service in Captain (later Major) Brastow's company, which enlisted for three months, the first-mentioned having been second lieutenant, and the two others privates in said company. These men were Somerville boys, although the Kinsley brothers were not natives of the town.

As is well known, a camp was pitched on Prospect Hill, and a flagstaff erected, which stood until the hill was dug down, some fifteen years later. The company was filled quickly, and our historian was one of the first to enlist.

There was the usual round of duties, drilling, and keeping guard. The days passed quickly, and the boys fared sumptuously. For, in addition to the usual rations, they received bountiful contributions from the larders of the patriotic matrons of the town.

On August 12 the company was mustered into the United States service, and on that day the non-commissioned officers stepped from the ranks as their names were called: John H. Dusseault, first sergeant; Edward A. Hale, second sergeant;

Edwin Mills, third sergeant; Judson W. Oliver, fourth sergeant; Richard J. Hyde, fifth sergeant; and the usual number of corporals, viz., D. P. Bucknam, Elkanah Crosby, William M. Carr, Melvin C. Parkhurst, Charles E. Fitcham, George Van De Sande, William A. Baker, and Leslie Stevens.

The company remained at Prospect Hill until September 2 when they went to Boxford, and there joined the rest of the regiment (the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts), and came on the right of the line,—first place. Colonel Phineas Stearns Davis, of Cambridge, was in command, and September 6 the regiment left for Washington, D. C.

Amid the cheers of throngs of people, we departed from Boston in "first-class" cars, but before we reached our destination we were riding in cattle cars. This was due, of course, to the congested condition of transportation, as everything at that time was moving towards the seat of war. At Philadelphia the citizens gave the travelers a dinner, as they did to all the regiments which passed through their city. This dinner was at Cooper-Shop Eating House, a place which many Northern soldiers must remember.

We arrived in Washington September 8, and the next day went to Camp Chase at Arlington. About September 16 we marched, according to orders, towards Edward's Ferry, Md. The night of September 18 we reached Poolsville. Our course was along the upper Potomac, and the object of the expedition was to guard the river fords and stop the rebels, notably a body known as White's guerrillas, from making raids into Maryland. From Poolsville we marched five miles to Edward's Ferry, where we camped, without tents, for five weeks. The river was picketed as far as Conrad's Ferry, seven miles up stream. In October we marched back towards Washington, eight miles to Seneca, where we camped about a week, thence to Muddy Branch, where we remained until November 13. On the way back, at Offert's Cross Roads, death entered our ranks for the first time, and we lost Private Sumner P. Rollins, who had enlisted with his half-brother, Illiot Kenneston. While we were at this place, Second Lieutenant Kinsley was promoted to the

rank of first lieutenant, company H (from Dorchester). Sergeant-Major T. Cordis Clark, of Roxbury, was assigned to the vacancy in company E.

December 21 found us at Poolsville again, where we went into winter quarters. The night of our arrival was a very cold one, so cold that the water which spilled from our canteens would freeze on our clothing. This was a hard march, and many of the boys fell out by the way. Three hundred or four hundred of us were packed away in a small schoolhouse, "thick as sardines." The next morning some of the party got over into the town and visited the grocery stores there.

That winter we were quartered in large, circular tents, called Sibley tents, which were pitched each on the top of a low stockade, that made the wall of the tent. We never saw this kind of tent after that winter. The next year each soldier was supplied with a strip of canvas five and one-half feet long, which when set up was called a shelter tent.

Nothing of importance happened while we were at Poolsville. We spent the time drilling and doing picket duty, and finally, April 15, 1863, broke camp and marched for Washington in a heavy rain. The first night we camped in some woods; the next found us three miles from Georgetown, where we were quartered in some college buildings. On April 17 we went into quarters in Washington, at Martindale barracks, corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Twenty-third street. Here our regiment remained on provost guard duty until July 9. Once in June we were ordered out at night, with one hundred rounds of cartridges, to Chain Bridge, as a rebel raid was expected there. Our company was the advance guard of the regiment. At noon the next day we were marched back to the capital.

July 9. The Thirty-fourth and Thirty-ninth Massachusetts regiments took train at 10 a. m. for Harper's Ferry, sixty miles away. This, it will be remembered, was immediately after the battle of Gettysburg. No change had taken place in our company, except that Lieutenant J. J. Giles was left in Washington on detached duty at the provost-marshal's office.

I remember that we reached our destination one night about dark, and were marched off to Maryland Heights, two miles or more, and over an exceedingly rough road. Here we were brigaded with the Eighth, Forty-sixth, and Fifty-first Massachusetts militiamen, all serving for nine months, and their term of service was nearly ended. We were now a part of the Army of the Potomac.

Sunday, July 12. We left Maryland Heights at 10 a. m. to report to General Mead, who was on his way from Gettysburg, and was now following up the Confederate army, which was still on the Maryland side, but farther up the river. We marched all night, and halted at six in the morning for breakfast. At 3 p. m. we joined the army at Funkstown, near Hagarstown, Md., having made thirty miles in twenty-nine hours. Much of the march had been over a very rough road. To be explicit, ours was the Fourth brigade, Second division, First army corps, and under General John Newton. We were an extra brigade.

July 13. We skirmished all day.

July 14. Though being ordered to move early, we did not get under way until 2 p. m. We passed over the rebels' works, now deserted, and after a distance of seven miles, halted at Williamsport. Here our Somerville company was detailed as guard at General Newton's headquarters.

July 15. We marched at 6 a. m. across Antietam Bridge, passed through Keedersville, and halted at Ruersville for the night. This was a hard day; from twenty-six to twenty-eight miles had been covered, under a boiling sun, and there were many cases of sunstroke.

July 16. At 6 a. m. we set out for Berlin's Station, close to the Potomac, and ten miles away. Here we remained until July 18, when we crossed the river into Virginia. That night, after a march of twelve miles, we were at Waterville. This seemed to be a Quaker settlement. The next day we moved on ten miles to Hamilton.

July 20. Up at 2 a. m. Moved at 5 o'clock; crossed many small streams and forded Goose Creek, which was about one

hundred yards wide, and in some places four feet deep. We marched about twenty-five miles, and at 5.30 halted at Middleburg.

July 22. Moved at 7 p. m., and marched all night; halted at 3 a. m. in White Plain. Here we slept four hours, and at 7 a. m. —July 23—pushed on to Warrington, a distance of fifteen miles, and reached there that afternoon. For the first time we encamped in line of battle, as the enemy were not more than three or four miles away. Both armies, it must be remembered, were having a grand race for the Rappahannock river. At Warrington the nine-months' men above referred to left us, as their time was out, and we were put in another brigade, with the Thirteenth Massachusetts, Sixteenth Maine, Ninety-fourth New York, and One Hundred and Seventh Pennsylvania.

July 25. We moved early, and went fourteen miles that morning—four miles of it was out of our way—and six miles more that afternoon and evening. It rained hard all the way, and at 1 o'clock in the morning, July 26, we reached Bealton station. Here we lay down to sleep, with clothes wet through and our shoes in a wretched condition. At 10 a. m. we pushed on for Rappahannock station, only four miles away, through fields, etc., —a very rough route. The march consumed six hours. Here our brigade, with Buford's cavalry, picketed one bank of the river, and the Confederates the other.

We remained in this position until August 1, when we were ordered across the river, where we worked all that night building breastworks. The enemy did not attack us. August 4, while lying in our works, we witnessed part of a cavalry fight in which our side held their ground.

August 5. All quiet. To-day we were paid off to July 1.

August 8. Our brigade re-crossed the river, as a change had been made in the lines, and we remained at Rappahannock station more than a month. There was not much doing all this time, but preparations were going on for a general advance. At 6 a. m. on September 16, we crossed the river on pontoons to a point near Culpeper, C. H., twelve miles, where we could hear cannonading ahead of us every day.

September 24. We marched eight miles, and at 4 p. m. halted at Raccoon Ford, on the Rappadan. Here we relieved the Twelfth army corps. Two miles farther on, September 27, we went into quarters at Camp Nordquest. We were now employed in picketing the Rappadan.

October 2. The whole division marched out one mile, in the rain, and forming three sides of a hollow square, saw a deserter from the Ninetieth Pennsylvania regiment shot. We remained at Camp Nordquest until October 9, when we turned out at 11 p. m., and stood in line till 3 p. m. of the next day, waiting for orders, when we marched. Arriving at Norton's Ford we again set out at 8 p. m., and marched to Pony Plain—twelve miles—arriving there at midnight. On these marches a soldier, with his gun, knapsack, forty rounds of ammunition, haversack, rations, etc., was carrying between forty and sixty pounds.

We now come to the first serious disaster which befell our company. Our pickets had been taken off at 10 p. m., October 10, and marched back to Camp Nordquest for their rations. They were under the command of Captain John Hutchins, of Company C (Medford). They secured their rations, but on their return, as there was some delay and the night was dark, some of them lost their way. The consequence was the enemy captured thirteen men, all from our regiment, and seven of them from Company E. These were Sergeant R. J. Hyde, Privates F. J. Oliver, Henry Howe, Joseph Whitmore, and Washington Lovett, all of whom died in Andersonville prison, and Corporal G. W. Bean and Private J. W. Oliver. The former was in prison seventeen months, until March, 1865, when he was paroled; the latter was more fortunate, being paroled after three or four months of imprisonment. The capture took place near Stevensburg, five or six miles from their regiment.

October 11. We turned out soon after midnight, and were ordered to be ready at a moment's notice. 11 a. m., we marched to Kelley's Ford, on the Rappadan. We forded the river, and took up a position (on the Washington side) in some rifle pits, three or four feet deep. This was to cover the river. The enemy, it will be understood, had flanked our army.

on the river and were making for our rear. It was a cold, chilly night, about the same as the weather at home at that season. We had nothing for protection but our shelter tents, and as the ground was wet, it was almost impossible to make a fire.

October 13. We marched at 1 a. m., and arrived at 11 a. m. at Warrington Junction. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon we marched again, and reached Bristow station at 10 o'clock that night.

October 14. Marched at 7 a. m., and reached Centerville at noon. At 4 p. m., we set out for Bull Run, which was not far away. We saw the famous battlefield several times in the course of this season. The entire regiment was ordered on picket, and Company E was ordered to follow the Run until they met the pickets of the Sixth corps (Sedgwick's). We went about three miles, crossing Cub Run, but not finding any pickets, the division officer of the picket Major Leavitt (of the Sixteenth Maine) went ahead alone on horseback and left us in a field. Returning in less than an hour, he reported a rebel cavalry camp in our front. We retraced our way hurriedly, and after going about a mile and a half, were halted by our own pickets. We then learned that we had been more than a mile beyond our own lines. On calling the roll, I, as first sergeant, found twelve were missing, and so reported. Major Leavitt would allow no one to go back, but went himself, and found the men fast asleep in the field where we had been. Like a good shepherd he brought them all in. After that no one ever heard a word uttered against this officer; not many majors in the service would have done as much for their men.

October 15. The pickets were drawn in at 11 a. m., and we marched to Cub Run. Orders came for our regiment to take a position to support the pickets on our front, as heavy firing was going on in close proximity to the picket line. It will be remembered that this came near to being a third Bull Run, but we had the better position and the enemy withdrew.

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HISTORIC LEAVES

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No. 2

ORIGINAL ENGLISH INHABITANTS AND EARLY SETTLERS IN SOMERVILLE.

By Aaron Sargent.

It was after a lapse of more than two centuries from the time the first white man came hither that the name of Somerville was given to a Massachusetts town. Originally our territory, as is well known, was a part of the then town of Charlestown and, until our incorporation as a separate town, was mentioned in the town records as "without the Neck"; but not quite all of what was so-called is within our confines. The line as established when Somerville was set off caused some friction at the time among those living near and on either side of the boundary, and the partition as made was not satisfactory to many of those residing in the vicinity and on both sides of the border; but each side was in a measure happy because the other side was unhappy; and this statement is absolutely true.

For convenience at this time, our territory will be designated as Somerville.

The local names within our borders in the early time were the Ten Hills Farm, between what is now Broadway and the Mystic, and from Medford town line to about where Winthrop Avenue connects with Broadway the line extended by a creek to the river; but the larger part of the farm was outside of our limits. The Highfield and Highfield-mead included all the remaining territory between Broadway and the river: but a part of the Highfield was on the Charlestown side of our boundary line. The Stinted Pasture, or Cow Commons, was from Broad-

way toward Cambridge, and north from the "Road to Cambridge," now Washington Street, and comprised a large part of Somerville. Gibbons-field, the South-mead, and the West End were south of the "Road to Cambridge," and westerly of what is now the Southern division of the Boston and Maine Railroad. Strawberry Hill was probably the same as our Prospect Hill. Lastly, there can hardly be a doubt that a part of what was called the Line-field of Charlestown was between the Stinted Pasture and the Newtown, or Cambridge, town line; from what is now Cambridgeport to Menotomy River, now Alewife Brook; the Line-field extending, also, into what is now the town of Arlington to Mystic Pond.

All these local names are now obsolete except that a part of the original Ten Hills Farms within our limits is still known as such. A century or more ago the Highfield became Ploughed Hill, and over two centuries ago the Highfield-mead became Dirty-marsh; but these names are now extinct, and there seems to be no modern names except for Strawberry Hill for the other localities of the olden time. The Cow Commons, as grazing ground, and also other lands in Somerville, were held largely by the inhabitants of the peninsula of Charlestown. The Commons were a feature of the town, almost from its commencement to 1685, or a little later, but in the next century were unknown.

A record in the town book of Charlestown would seem to imply some disposition of the Commons. The language is ambiguous, to say the least, but may be read as a literary curiosity. The record says:—

"At a meeting of the inhabitants of Charlestown, being warned thereto by an order of the Selectmen April 15, 1685, the following was proposed unto the assembly: We, the inhabitants of Charlestown, having had for a long time the use of divers privileges in the Stinted Common lying in one general field between said town and Menotomy as for the cutting of wood, getting of stones, sand, and clay, without any let or legal denial, and the proprietors of the same unto whom the said pasture was granted, and their heirs, seeing cause to divide the same into lots according to each man's proportion therein, that peace and

love may be continued and promoted in the said town, and all future trouble prevented, in consideration of divers privileges to lay in common to us and our heirs forever, viz.: Range highways between lots, country highways to Cambridge, Menotomy, and Mystic bridge, a suitable landing place at Menotomy bridge, and about Mystic above the bridge, a stone quarry at Two Penny Brook of ten acres, more or less, another upon the rocks by Patrick Marks, a piece of land that is now in common for training, etc., without the Neck, the pasturage thereof may be improved for the use of the school by fencing the same in when the town sees good. Leaving out so much of it as may be sufficient for clay pits, also that the sand place may be always free that is nigh to Robert Leach's, also convenient watering places. In consideration whereof we do for ourselves and our heirs leave it with the present selectmen of said Charlestown, in our behalf to make such agreement with the proprietors of said Stinted Pasture, all or either of them about any further claims that we have or might pretend to have in the wood that doth or may grow thereon, or any further claims in stone, sand, clay, highways, watering places, and shall be a final conclusion between us and them and our heirs forever. And such and so many proprietors so agreeing and performing such agreement made with said selectmen within one year from the date hereof, we do for ourselves, our heirs, and executors forever acquit any further claim in said Stinted Pasture, the herbage thereof, stones, clay, wood, sand, watering places, the same to be and remain unto the proprietors thereof unto whom it was first granted as a good estate of inheritance in fee simple to them and to their heirs forever to use and improve forever hereafter as they shall see cause, and that whatever money shall be received from the proprietors by any such agreement shall be put into the hands of the selectmen to be improved by them and their successors from time to time forever for such uses as the said town shall appoint.

"Attest :

"John Newell,
"Recorder."

There was undoubtedly some meaning to this vote, and perhaps its adoption by the town tended to a discontinuance of the Commons in a short time.

The earliest inhabitants, those who came the first thirty years, did not remain as permanent settlers; and, with perhaps three exceptions, neither left nor have now descendants here.

For the purpose of recording them, however, as resident in Somerville, they may be named in chronological order, by the years of their coming, so far as ascertained.

John Winthrop, the governor, 1630, owned Ten Hills Farm in 1631, and was an inhabitant, but removed soon to Boston. None of his lineage remained here, and after some years the farm was sold out of the family.

Edward Gibbons, about 1630, from whom Gibbons-field derived its name, had a house and land in that locality, but left soon and went to Boston.

Edward Jones, 1630, had a house on the Newtown highway (Road to Cambridge), but removed in a few years, with his family, to Southampton, L. I.

Richard Palgrave, physician, 1630, built "without the Neck," on the "Road to Cambridge." Nine of his descendants are here now.

Thomas Goble, 1634, had a house and half an acre of land at the West End. He removed to Concord. Two of his descendants are here now.

John Green, 1634, had a dwelling house and land at the West End in 1638, which he sold to Richard Wilson, of Boston, and Wilson sold to Francis Grissell, or Griswold. John Green removed, with his family, probably to Malden.

John Woolrych, 1635, had a dwelling house and six acres of land at Strawberry Hill. He died prior to 1647, and his widow married William Ayer, who sold the premises to Richard Wilson. Neither Woolrych nor Ayer left offspring here.

John Sibley, 1635, had a dwelling house and land at Strawberry Hill. A daughter, and probably only child, married twice, but not in Somerville.

Thomas Pierce, 1636. His dwelling house was at the West End. Descendants of the name may not be here now, but posterity is here, as descendants of his daughter Mary, who married Peter Tufts.

William Bachelder, 1636. He had a dwelling house and four acres of land in the Highfield, near what is now the corner of Broadway and Winthrop Avenue. He may have moved into the peninsula; certainly none of his children remained here. His daughter Abigail married Richard Austin, and they were the progenitors of the old Austin family, of Charlestown, well and favorably known there.

Robert Shorthus, 1636, had a house and land at the West End. He left no issue here, and his departure was not regretted.

Abraham Palmer, 1636, had a house and seven acres of land in the Highfield, which he sold to Katharine Cotimore. Neither of them left issue here.

James Thompson, 1636, had a house and five acres of land in the Highfield. He removed to Woburn.

Robert Leach, 1637, had a house and two acres of land "without the Neck," but may have lived within the peninsula. His daughter Elizabeth married John Fosket. Their son Thomas had land at Wildridge's Hill in Somerville in 1683, and may have lived there. There are no known descendants of Leach now in this city.

There was no such person as Wildridge known to be in this vicinity, and the word may have been a corruption of Woolrych, after John Woolrych, of Strawberry Hill, and it may be that Wildridge's Hill and Strawberry Hill were identical. A deed given for land on Wildridge's Hill 130 years later says bounded "northeast by Three-Pole Lane" (now Shawmut and Cross Streets), and thus makes the Strawberry Hill of the olden time to be the Prospect Hill of our time.

Richard Miller, 1637 or earlier. His dwelling house and eight acres of land were in Gibbons-field, near Gibbons River, which years later became Miller's River, but is now, happily, no more. Richard Miller removed to Cambridge, and Joseph, one of his two sons, also settled there. James, the younger of the

two, settled in Somerville, and of him and his descendants, more anon.

Samuel Hall, 1637, had a dwelling house and four acres of land in the Highfield, probably on the Somerville side of the boundary line, but he left no issue here.

Thomas Beecher, 1637. His dwelling house was in the Highfield, but may have been on the Charlestown side of the line. His widow sold the house to George Bunker. Neither Beecher nor Bunker left descendants here, to my knowledge.

John Crow, 1638 or earlier, had a dwelling house and nine acres of land in Gibbons-field, which he sold to Matthew Avery, who died in four years, and his only child, a son, went back to London. John Crow went to Yarmouth, on Cape Cod, and he and Yelverton Crow (an ancestor of mine), who owned a Cow Common in Somerville in 1637, were the progenitors of the numerous Crowells, for so the name became in the second generation, on Cape Cod and elsewhere in Massachusetts.

John Brinsmeade, 1638, had a house and two acres of land in the Highfield, perhaps on the Somerville side of the line, but he left no issue here.

Edward Paine, 1638. His house and thirty acres of land were at the West End. He returned to England, and his children did not remain in town.

John Hodges, 1638, had a dwelling house and ten acres of land in Gibbons-field. He left no issue in town.

William Baker, 1638, or earlier, had a dwelling house and land at the West End, but it does not appear that he left descendants here.

John Mousal, 1638, or earlier, had a homestead in the Highfield, but he subsequently removed to Woburn.

Ralph Mousal, 1638, or earlier, brother of John, had a dwelling house and about five acres of land in the Highfield. Probably none of his children remained in Somerville.

Ezekiel Richardson, 1638, and probably earlier, had a homestead and four and one-half acres of land in the Highfield. He left in a few years and became an early settler in Woburn. Twenty-three of his descendants are here now.

Thomas Richardson, 1638, or earlier, brother of Ezekiel, had a homestead in the Highfield. He also removed to Woburn.

William Kilcop, 1646, bought of William Roberts, "of wap-ping in ould England A house and Land," ten acres in Gibbons-field. He had no issue here, and in 1657 sold the estate to Henry Harbard.

Abraham Jaquith, 1649, had a house and land "without the Neck," but whether on the Somerville or Charlestown side of the line is uncertain; but he left no descendants here.

Francis Grissell, or Griswold, 1649, had a dwelling house and three-fourths of an acre of land at the West End, which he bought of Richard Wilson. Descendants are here through his daughter Hannah, who married John Kent, and of them, more anon.

Henry Harbour, or Harbard, 1657, had a house and ten acres of land in Gibbons-field, which he bought of William Kilcop. His first wife was the widow of Richard Miller, and, having no issue himself, left a large part of his property to her descendants.

William Bullard, 1658, perhaps lived at the West End, as he married, when about the age of sixty, Mary Griswold, widow of Francis, and after about twenty years removed to Dedham, leaving no issue.

It is not always easy to decide, when a person's dwelling house in the olden time was said to be in the Highfield or on the Road to Cambridge, on which side of the Charlestown and Somerville boundary line he resided; but it is believed that the foregoing is as nearly correct as can now be told.

[To be concluded.]

UNION SQUARE BEFORE THE WAR.—(II.)

By Charles D. Elliot.

In the paper which I read last year upon Union Square, I made mention, as well as I could remember, of the people living there and in the regions adjacent about the year 1846, of their descendants, and of the locations of their residences and estates. I referred by name to more than 175 of our citizens or their children who lived at or near the Square, and whose Mecca it was; from their homes all roads led to Union Square, as in ancient times they did to Rome. That I did not attempt to write the virtues of these early Somerville people by no means indicates that they were undeserving; in fact, they were a model community, as a whole, honest, industrious, unostentatious, and neighborly. Unpleasant episodes occasionally varied the even tenor of their days, but I now recall but little that occurred to mar the pleasant memories of those people and times.

And now I wish to speak of the topography, or "lay of the land," as old people used to say, of Union Square and the adjacent region. Many changes have been made in that section of Somerville since 1846. Nature originally made a peninsula of the Square and its vicinity.

In the earlier days a stream started from a little pond on the westerly side of Walnut Street, about where the Somerville Journal building now is,—known later as Geldowsky's Pond,—thence it ran across Walnut Street (an ancient rangeway), which in wet seasons it flooded, across Robert Sanborn's, Deacon Robert Vinal's, and the Stone properties to about where the Wellington-Wild coal office now is, on the northeasterly side of Union Square, and then under the Square to the southerly side, where the culvert emptied into Miller's River, which then ran along the edge of the Square.

Another stream had its source near the Home for the Aged on Highland Avenue, about opposite the new armory, and ran southerly, crossing Central Street not far from Berkeley Street; thence along the valley between Spring and Central Hills to School Street, which it crossed near Summer Street,

passing through Robert Vinal's land, and crossing Bow Street and Somerville Avenue near Drouet's block, into and across the Guy C. Hawkins estate, and emptying into Miller's River a little way west of the present Washington-Street bridge. Later a small reservoir was built in this brook, just on the easterly side of School Street, and roofed in, and a pump log aqueduct laid to Cambridgeport, a considerable section of which was for many years partially supplied with water from this source, and from another log aqueduct which ran from the foot of Prospect Hill above, and through what is now Homer Square, and which still continues to furnish some of the people near there with cool and delectable nectar. The rights, such as they were, of the proprietors of this aqueduct passed many years ago into the custody of the city of Cambridge, but as a source of water supply to any part of that city it was long ago abandoned.

Miller's River, into which these two brooks ran, had its source in Cambridge, only a short distance from the Somerville line, and just south of Kirkland Street, which is the extension of Washington Street, Somerville; thence it crossed Kirkland Street to the north, and crossing diagonally what was recently the site of the Shady Hill Nurseries, it passed under Beacon Street, and meandered across the intervening lands to and under the Fitchburg Railroad, across the Bleachery property, and under Park Street, through the Frost and Hawkins estates, under the railroad again, under Washington Street just west of the bridge, thence in a circuit to and under the railroad a third time, and crossing Webster Avenue near where the Parochial School now is, it skirted along the southerly side of the Square through a marshy meadow, under Prospect Street, near its junction with Newton Street, formerly Brick Yard Lane, at what was in Revolutionary times known as Bullard's Bridge, thence through marshy lands to and under the railroad a fourth time, widening on the south side of the railroad into a large tidal estuary, known previous to 1872 as "the Upper Basin," and thence under Medford Street and on to its mouth at Charles River.

The Miller's River of 1850 and before was a limpid stream,

whose waters rose and fell with the tide, and it was well stocked with fish, the smelt, flounder, and tomcod being the most numerous. Where the river crossed the railroad the fourth time, east of Prospect Street, the culvert was a structure of large dimensions, popularly known as "the box," and here could often be seen in summer the bathers, in winter the skaters, and fishermen both seasons.

Previous to 1860 there was a rope walk east of Prospect Street, owned and operated by Hiram Allen, and furnished with water power from the river, which was raised by a dam at that point. A hundred or more years ago there was a public watering place where Miller's River crossed Prospect Street; this street was laid out about 1804, and was early known as Pine Street, but Newton Street, previously called Brick Yard Lane, was a century or so ago called "the way by Bullard's Bridge." Miller's River had one other branch, which commenced not far from the junction of Newton and Springfield Streets, and running easterly through wet and almost swampy lands, entered the river just in the rear of the present glasshouse. This swampy territory extended approximately from Newton Street to Oak Street and beyond; it was in the early 'fifties covered with a rank growth of grasses, weeds, and underbrush, among which were denized the red-winged blackbird, the robin, cow bunting, and other plumed warblers of the air. And speaking of birds, what a variety there seemed to be in those days of half a century ago compared with what there are at present. Besides the blackbirds, two kinds or more, the cow buntings, also called blackbirds, though they were a smoke color, we had the yellow-birds, bluebirds, robins, orioles, golden robins, swallows, sand-martins, chickadees, wrens, chippers or chipbirds, kingbirds, bluejays, woodpeckers, crows, and others, occasionally hawks, and in the winter the plump little snowbirds, while around our clay pits and water shores came peep, snipes, and other water birds.

But where are they? Certainly not in Union Square, though armies of birds throng the trees there, as everywhere else, regiments, brigades, and divisions of that strenuous exotic, that little

pinch of feathers and beak, disputative, pugnacious, and fearfully aggressive, the English sparrow, before whom all self-respecting birds have fled.

On the easterly side of Prospect Street, before coming to the Cambridge line, was a pine grove, and on the westerly side, too, extending, if I remember rightly, nearly to Cambridge Street, and in Revolutionary days this grove extended, I think, nearly, if not quite, down to East Cambridge.

The lands around Union Square, adjacent and outlying, were little mines of prosperity to their owners half a century ago, and could one of our opulent chevaliers of finance and finesse of the present day have appeared and promoted the great sand and clay deposits of this vicinity under some such alluring and persuasive name as the "Consolidated Aluminum and Silica Trust"—which certainly sounds better than "Brick Company"—who knows but that millions might have been wrung from the venture. It seems to be a curious fact that wherever clay is found here, sand is found near it; on the northerly side of Miller's River were sand hills or lands in profusion, while on the southerly side were largely fields of clay, which were early in the last century the sites of brick yards, and so continued, I think, until after the Civil War. Here, as in other parts of the town, the clay lands were burrowed with pits, having narrow dykes between them, which until excavated to required depth were kept pumped out, but then abandoned and allowed to become stagnant ponds, of varying depths, along the borders of which were luxuriant growths of cat-o'-nine-tails, and in whose waters flourished myriads of hornpout, which is the catfish or sucker of the South and West. How came these hornpouts and almost no other fish in these pits, in all of them? This is a question that has puzzled me for half a century—it is an enigma, which I doubt if the sphinx even could solve.

Before shifting this landscape scene, I must say a word about Prospect Hill. Before the war it was an eminence very steep towards Union Square, and some twenty or more feet higher than at present. Its steep southerly side was covered with barberry bushes, with scattering pear and other trees, and had grass-

grown pits all along it, circular and some ten feet or so in diameter. These were said by older people to have been "tent holes" of the Revolutionary army, and when it is considered that they were on the sunny slope of the hill, and also on the side away from the British artillery fire from Bunker Hill, I think without question that they were the relics of the Revolutionary encampment.

Prospect Hill, as you all probably know, was dug down in 1872 or 1873 to fill Miller's River basins; the top of the knoll on which the memorial tower stands was about its original height.

I have spoken about the birds and fishes with which most of the younger people around Union Square were familiar in the 'forties and 'fifties, which suggests that the amusements of gunning and fishing were common then; almost every boy owned a gun and was a huntsman. Rifle and pistol practice were also common, especially on the brick yards, and I well recall some of the more noted of our marksmen near the Square, among them Nathaniel Blair, Isaac Barker, Frederick Kinsley, brother of Willard C. Kinsley, after whom the Somerville G. A. R. post is named, and who was himself a colonel in the army. The Messrs. Whittemore were also good shots, as they ought to have been, for they were in the rifle manufacturing business here in Somerville, and made the best.

Among other amusements in those days was bowling at the alley of Thomas Goodhue, whose alley and residence were on the westerly side of Bow Street, just north of the present Hill Building.

May-day parties covered our hills previous to the war, and are occasionally seen nowadays, but then they turned out in larger numbers, and presented a very gay appearance, with natural and artificial floral adornments. But May-day was not always a day of mirth and jollity; seeds of jealousy and hatred had many years before been sown in Cambridge and Charlestown, which germinated and bore real "passion flowers" every May-day. The boys of Charlestown and Somerville were in those days known as "Charlestown pigs" by the East Cambridge boys, who in their turn were called "pointers." The "pigs" and

“pointers” met on May-day on the renowned (not then, but now) Prospect Hill, and there on the former tented field they met in war’s grim struggle and settled, or tried to, their long-pent feuds; but these were bloodless fields, where a few stone bruises or fistic contusions constituted the losses on either side.

Picnicking was a recreation of the days before the war; people from Union Square and its neighborhood found health and amusement in the sylvan retreats of Norton’s or of Palfrey’s groves, or in excursions to the grounds and groves of Fresh and Spy Ponds.

Union Square, like all other communities, had of course from time to time its little excitements, and occasionally larger ones. Among the latter was the great tidal wave which destroyed Minot’s Ledge lighthouse; this wave swept inland, inundating all low lands in Boston and along the coast. It came up the Charles and Miller’s Rivers, flooding all the lands along them nearly to or beyond the Brass Tube Works; where the Parochial School is, there was that day a lake of sea water several hundred feet wide, covering Webster Avenue and shutting off all communication south of Union Square till the tide fell. The whole territory east of Webster Avenue and the glasshouse, from the Fitchburg Railroad into Cambridge, was one vast inland sea, where upon the ebbing of the tide were seen coops, small buildings, and other objects sailing gracefully out to the harbor. It was a sight ever to be remembered.

The visit of the Prince of Wales, now Edward VII., in 1860 was another event worth recalling; his Royal Highness, whose visit to Canada and the United States was the great international event of the time, on October 19 made a flying trip to Mt. Auburn and Cambridge, at which latter place he was received and entertained with great cordiality by the faculty and students of Harvard College. He returned to Boston by the way of Washington Street, Somerville, through Union Square, where, sitting in his barouche, he saluted with royal grace the people gathered in the Square to see him, among whom was the writer. The Prince was a fine-looking young man of nineteen, slim and graceful; he arrived in Boston from New York on October 17,

and left for Portland, Me., on October 20, 1860. His coming was one of the great social events of Boston of the last century. He was received by Governor Banks and suite, and all the great people, political and social, vied in showing him attentions and attracting his. On his arrival in Boston he was escorted by a grand military procession of infantry and dragoons to the Revere House in Bowdoin Square, which was then the great hostelry of Boston, and which for three days thereafter was a Royal palace. A general holiday was made by proclamation on the eighteenth. Stores closed and business suspended; balls and receptions were the order of the day. Among the latter was that at the State House by the Governor and other officials and distinguished guests, among whom was the Hon. Edward Everett. In the afternoon the royal party visited Music Hall, where they were given a musical reception by the school children of the city.

It may not be out of place to quote here a few lines from a humorous poem written upon the occasion of the Prince's visit. Its introduction begins:—

“Sound the trumpets, beat the drums,
The princely heir of England comes.
Years of hateful anger past,
A softer feeling rules at last,
And George's great-grandson shall find
A greeting warm, a welcome kind.
Erect the arches! Deck the walls!
Charge all the guns! Subscribe for balls!
Burnish the bayonets! Buy new dresses!
Drill the children! Write addresses!
Let the Common Council all
Besflag and deck the City Hall!
Hang out the banners! Light the groves!
Hire coaches! Purchase gloves!
Adjourn the courts! Postpone the sessions!
Buy Roman candles! Form processions!
For hark! the trumpets! hark! the drums!
The princely heir of England comes!”

At last he arrives at Boston, and the poem says :—

“But the following day they made matters worse,
They took him to Boston, that city perverse,
And showed him the ‘Hub of the Universe.’

* * * * *

“Here they gave him the regular Union thing,
For he heard our great foreign artists sing
With genuine true Teutonic ring
The national air inspiring:—

“ ‘Tis der sthar shbankled panner!

Und lonk may she vave

O’er der lant ob der vree

Und der home ob der prave!”

From royalty to religion may or may not be a long stride; however it may be, I am going to take it. The first religious services of which I have any record were held, if I remember aright, and this I only know from others, in the hall of the old wooden engine house, corner of Prospect and Washington Streets, in 1842, conducted by Miss Elizabeth P. Whitridge, then a teacher in our schools. From this, which was a Sabbath school only, grew the present Unitarian society. There were also many Universalists living near Union Square in 1846 and later, who used to attend church at Cambridgeport, a mile or more distant, walking forth and back every Sabbath. This was not always a pleasant journey for the boys, as the feuds existing as already mentioned between the Cambridge and Somerville youths, sometimes brought on personal conflicts, not conducive to piety. But about 1853 the Universalists began services of their own in the old schoolhouse which then stood on the corner between Medford, Shawmut, and Cross Streets, under the guidance of Rev. George H. Emerson. These meetings were the commencement of the present First Universalist society.

The Methodists of Union Square and neighborhood first held meetings in Franklin Hall, Union Square (of which hall I shall speak again), in 1855. The first minister appointed by the New England Conference was the Rev. Charles Baker. “Father” Baker, as we all called him, at that time about sixty

years old, had then been thirty-seven years in the ministry, having filled over twenty appointments to pulpits in Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts. He was a zealous preacher, much respected by all who knew him, and under his guidance the church prospered, and succeeded in building a new and commodious edifice on Webster Avenue, which building is now the Parochial School. "Father" Baker pursued other callings to eke out a livelihood; it was said of him that although his salary was increased from year to year, he never at the highest received over \$600 per annum during his life. What a poor pittance for piety were these few "Peter-pence!" Mrs. Baker, whom we knew as "Mother" Baker, was an exemplary Christian, well worthy to be the consort and companion of so good a man as "Father" Baker.

"Father" Baker died in Somerville August 7, 1864, aged sixty-seven years, and his wife died here December 20, 1885, aged eighty-seven years.

I have spoken of Franklin Hall. It stood where the new engine house in Union Square now stands, between Somerville Avenue, then Milk Street, and Washington Street; it was built sometime previous to 1852 by Deacon Robert Vinal. The main building was used by D. A. & S. H. Marrett as a grain and grocery store, and for a considerable time the post-office was kept there by them, on the easterly Milk Street corner of the building. Our chief of police, Mr. Parkhurst, was at one time a clerk in the Messrs. Marrett's store. In the second story was the hall used for all kinds of meetings and entertainments,—as a church, as a drill room for the Somerville Light Infantry, a hall for political gatherings and harangues, for fairs, for concerts, colored minstrel and sleight-of-hand performers, and for the meetings of the Franklin Institute.

The Franklin Institute was a library and debating association. Its first meeting was held December 3, 1852, at which James S. Tuttle was temporary chairman, and Thomas Gooding secretary. Upon the permanent organization, Quincy A. Vinal was elected president, and J. Manly Clark and Thomas Gooding vice-presidents, and Charles F. Stevens secretary. It had about

fifty members, among whom, besides those named, were William L. Burt, Isaiah W. Tuttle, E. A. Norris, editor of the *Olive Branch*, Charles Williams, Jr., Robert A. Vinal, John W. Vinal, N. Carleton Hawkins, Charles S. Lincoln, Emery H. Munroe, Phineas W. Blodgett, John Runey, Francis Tufts, William and Edwin Mills, Clark Bennett, R. W. Keyes, Edwin C. Bennett, Charles H. Hudson, J. Q. Twombly, and many others, including the writer.

The later presidents were J. Manly Clark, Robert A. Vinal, I. W. Tuttle, and R. W. Keyes; and secretaries, Charles Williams, Jr., Edward E. Vinal, George E. Bennett, I. B. Giles, Edwin Mills, and myself.

Quite a library was gathered, which, however, was scattered on the dissolution of the society. Among the subjects for debate were the following, viz. :—

“Is phrenology a humbug?” Decided it was not.

“Would the annexation of the Sandwich Islands to the United States be beneficial to this country?” Decided it would.

“Ought Cuba to be annexed to the United States?” Decided yes.

“Ought a Pacific railroad to be built by the United States government?” Decided yes.

“Ought America to assist the oppressed nations of Europe in gaining their independence?” Decided no.

“Would reciprocity of trade between the British Provinces and the United States be beneficial to the United States?” Decided yes.

“Do school masters do more good in the world than ministers?” Decided yes.

Numerous other questions were from time to time discussed.

Lectures and similar entertainments were also given, among them the following, viz. :—

January 17, 1853, by Hon. George S. Boutwell.

February 10, 1853, by Dr. Luther V. Bell.

March 28, 1853, by Colonel J. D. Greene, of Cambridge.

May 9, 1853, by Charles H. Hudson, Esq., and poem by Charles S. Lincoln, Esq.

October 30, 1854, by J. Manly Clark, Esq.

March 26, 1855, by Hon. N. P. Banks, Jr.

November 19, 1855, by Charles S. Lincoln, Esq.; subject: "True Merit."

December 17, 1855, by Charles H. Hudson, Esq., dramatic readings.

February 11, 1856, by John C. Cleur, Esq., on the "Scotch Poets," and an address by William L. Burt, Esq.

The dissolution of the society occurred March 31, 1856, at which meeting it was voted to sell its library.

There is much more I should like to and might say about Union Square, about other citizens not mentioned in my first paper, who came to that vicinity after 1846, but before the war, and built up its industries and contributed to its prosperity; of the various artisans who established themselves there; of such manufacturing enterprises as the Brass Tube Works, the Glass Works, Pump Works, etc.

Nor have I said anything about the Somerville Light Infantry, of which in the 'fifties Francis Tufts, still living, and George O. Brastow were commanders, and which did such valiant service in the Civil War. And the fire department has received no mention, from whose members, however, were recruited a large number of the Somerville soldiers of the Rebellion, and whose experience in fighting fires at home helped to render them efficient as fighters of the fire of the Rebellion.

A volume could be written about Union Square, as it could about almost any other community; what with gossip, tradition, and local history, each little community furnishes an interesting topic for narrative; and that we can look back for nearly sixty years and find but little to say against the people and village which we have known so long is a cause for satisfaction.

**COMPANY E, 39TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY,
IN THE CIVIL WAR. — (II.)**

[Diary of J. H. Dusseault—Continued.]

October 19, 1863. We marched at 8 a. m. for Haymarket on the Manassas Railroad, and arrived at 3 p. m. At 4 p. m. on the next day we set out again, passing through Thoroughfare Gap, in the Bull Run Ridge making camp at 10 p. m. We remained in this neighborhood until the twenty-fourth, when we marched to Kettle Run, where we found the railroad badly used up. As we had orders to guard a bridge over the Run, we stayed here till November 5. All this while the enemy were very near, and both sides were manoeuvring to get the better position. At 4 p. m. that day we started for Catlett's Station, and arrived there at 8.30 p. m. November 7 found us at sunset, after a march of seventeen miles, at Morrisville. The next day we had an all-day's march, sixteen or seventeen miles, and halted at night four miles from the railroad station. November 9, at 5 p. m., we marched for Licking Run, about fifteen miles away, and reached there late at night, in the midst of a snowstorm. About an inch of snow was on the ground. The men were pretty well demoralized and, to put it mildly, there was considerable grumbling. My commission as second lieutenant, Company H, signed by Governor Andrew, and dated October 20, reached me the next day.

November 10. I stopped grumbling.

November 23. We marched from 7.30 a. m. to 11 p. m., arriving at Rappahannock Station. (The orders for all this marching and counter-marching were issued by General Meade to the corps commanders.)

We remained here until November 26, when we crossed the Rappahannock at 8 a. m. By 6.30 p. m. we had crossed the Rapidan, also, thus traversing the peninsula between the two rivers on our way eastward towards Richmond. That night we camped on the heights, a mile from the last-named river.

November 27. We marched at 6.30 a. m. on the Richmond side, and reached Robertson's Tavern at midnight. The enemy

were just in front of us. The next morning, after a short march, we came close up to them at Mile Run and drove in their pickets. (The whole Army of the Potomac, spread out as they were, must have extended over many miles.) Companies E and C were deployed to skirmish and cover the front of our brigade. The First Corps (ours) was in the centre; the Second and Sixth were on our right, the Third and Fifth to our left. Our regiment formed part of the front line, second division, of the corps.

November 29. Our division lay in position all day; cannonading lasted till dark, but there was no infantry engagement.

November 30. In the morning we marched a mile to the right, and lay in line of battle all day.

December 1. We returned to our position of the twenty-ninth (centre), and remained until 4 p. m., when our army began to retreat to the Rapidan. The enemy had the better position. While here we were only a few miles from the battlefields of Chancellorsville, and of the Wilderness which was yet to be. General Warren, the saviour of Gettysburg and chief engineer of the Army of the Potomac at that time, but now in command of the Second Army Corps, had explained to General Meade the true state of affairs, and this caused the withdrawal of our troops. On our retreat we reached Germania Ford on the south bank, and bivouacked at 10 p. m. The First Corps covered the crossing of the Fifth and Sixth Corps the next morning (December 2), and our regiment was the last to cross. That night we bivouacked at Stevensburg.

December 3. We went into camp at Kelley's Ford, on the south side of the Rapidan, where we occupied log houses which General Lee's army had built for winter quarters. They had been driven from these November 7 by our Third Corps. Here we remained till December 24. The huts were far from being clean and wholesome.

December 24. We marched to a point on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, about four miles above Culpeper, where we bivouacked two days, and then marched at night still farther on to a point beyond the cavalry reserves, and formed the extreme outpost of the army, near Mitchell's Station. Here we suffered much from severe storms—snow and rain—until quar-

fers were built. January 1, 1864, the boys were hard at work erecting houses seven feet by fifteen feet, which were to accommodate eight men each. Each regiment thus took its turn while in this camp, which was until April 26, 1864. One regiment of our brigade would be under arms during the twenty-four hours of the day, with guns stacked, watching for the enemy. This camp was at the foot of Cedar Mountain, four miles from the Rapidan, and five miles in advance of our main army. We occupied a post of great danger, as well as of honor. The camp was one of the finest in the army. We remained here all winter, and during the time the Confederates went around our rear twice and felt of our army, but never molested us. Two incidents of that winter stand out in memory. The first occurred January 5, when seven Rebel soldiers, in wretched plight, found their way into our camp and surrendered. It is needless to say they were received hospitably and were allowed to fill up from Uncle Sam's rations. The other event, in marked contrast with this one, was a visit of inspection from General U. S. Grant February 8.

Camp was broken up April 26, when we marched about a mile and set up our shelter tents. Here we remained until May 3. We were now having fine weather. At 12 o'clock that night we were ordered to pack up, and at 3 a. m., May 4, marched back to Stevensburg, where we joined our corps, the Fifth. (The First Corps had been consolidated with the Fifth some time before this.) At noon of that day we crossed the Rapidan, and halted about five miles south of the river, after a hard march of twenty miles. We bivouacked at a spot from which the countless fires of our whole army could be seen, a most impressive sight. This was in "The Wilderness."

Thursday, May 5. We turned out at 3 p. m. and marched at 6, about two miles, and halted with the enemy's full force in our front. The Battle of the Wilderness was opened by the First and Third Divisions of our corps at 10 a. m. General Warren was in command of the corps, General Griffin of the First Division, and General Crawford of the Third. Colonel Peter Lyle commanded our brigade. They drove the enemy for a while, but were finally forced back. Our division, the Second,

together with the Fourth, took their places and repulsed the enemy, who fell back through an opening in the woods and made a stand among the trees, about a quarter of a mile from our line. The whole Thirty-ninth Regiment was in this engagement, Colonel P. Stearns Davis in command, Captain Fred R. Kinsley over Company E, and Captain C. N. Hunt over Company H, Dorchester. The other companies of this regiment were Company K, Woburn, under Captain W. C. Kinsley; Company C, Medford; B, of Roxbury; D, of Quincy; I, of Natick; F, of Taunton; A, of Peabody; G, of Scituate and Boston. That night the field between the two armies was strewn with dead and wounded men, mangled horses, and broken cannon. Our regimental loss was twenty, killed and wounded. Company E, being on the right, was not in the thick of the fight, and lost none. Company H lost six, two killed and four wounded.

We lay in this position all that afternoon and during the night which followed. At 4 p. m. we attempted to make a charge, but were repulsed, with a heavy loss to the division. The regiment on our left, the Ninetieth Pennsylvania, on account of the opening in the woods, was exposed to the enemy's view and encountered the concentrated fire of their battery. This regiment had 400 men in line; they came out with 150. They met this heavy loss while going only as many yards. While we were in the woods the Confederate batteries raked the trees right down upon us. "That night was the worst I ever experienced in the service," says our diarist. As soon as night came on, the wounded men in front began to cry pitifully for water and for help. A truce was arranged, and men from both sides went out to collect their dead and wounded comrades. But from some misunderstanding the truce lasted only about a half-hour. Firing commenced again on our right (Sixth Corps), which was kept up all through the night. (Our corps stood between the Second and the Sixth). The Cavalry was on our flanks and rear. Our position was near Mine Run, in a thick growth of trees, most of them pines.

The next morning the Sixth Corps was relieved by the First Division of our corps. There was hard fighting all along the

line. About 11 a. m. we were ordered to the rear. It seems that the Ninth Corps, which had moved forward into some woods about this time, had broken, and we were sent back to support them. We marched three miles—weather extremely hot—and built some breastworks there. This was at the left of our position of the day before. A fearful fight went on that afternoon from 4 to 6 o'clock. Fortunately no one in Company E was injured. That night I was detailed on skirmish line. For forty-eight hours there was not much rest for some of us, but the line snatched a little sleep at intervals.

Humorous incidents were not lacking during the eventful and strenuous days of this campaign, and the following is mentioned merely in illustration: Our line lay along a plank road, and we had breastworks ten feet away and parallel to the road. About midnight, while the boys were endeavoring to get a little sleep, a great racket was heard not far away, and some in their alarm thought the whole Rebel army was upon us. It proved to be a stampede among our own cattle, and they came bellowing down the space between the planks and the works, and over the prostrate forms of our men. The choice language of the startled sleepers, when they came to understand the situation, added not a little to the tumult. Quiet reigned for a short time only, for from 4 to 6 o'clock the enemy tried in good earnest to get possession of the road, and made three, four, yes, five charges in front of us. A Rebel prisoner, apparently wounded and just able to crawl about, on hearing the shouts of his compatriots so near, and dreading to fall into their hands, much to the amusement of our soldiers, jumped up a well man and ran like a deer towards our rear.

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HISTORIC LEAVES

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No. 3

ORIGINAL ENGLISH INHABITANTS AND EARLY SETTLERS IN SOMERVILLE.—(II.)

By Aaron Sargent.

The successors of these first inhabitants, those who erected their domiciles here, and whose descendants came down the generations, indigenous to the soil, were the first real settlers in Somerville. The present intent is to follow down, genealogically, these early settlers; but no attempt has been made to trace the descent of those who came hither later than the eighteenth century.

James Miller, son of Richard, both previously mentioned, was probably born here, as his father was an inhabitant in Gibbons-field, and the son probably lived in the same locality. He married Hannah, daughter of John George, of Charlestown. His two sons, who lived to manhood, were James and Richard. Richard may have lived in Somerville, but left no descendants here. His brother James lived in the southerly part of the town. He married Abigail, daughter of Joseph Frost, of Cambridge. James, son of James and Abigail, married, first, Sarah Lane, and second, Sarah Waters, and was slain by the British April 19, 1775. Their son Joseph married Eunice Coolidge. The descendants of Richard Miller now living here are through Joseph's sons, Joseph and Thomas, twelve persons.

John Kent was the next early settler. He came from Dedham in 1673, having six years or more before married, as already stated, Hannah, daughter of Francis Griswold. Perhaps he lived at the West End, where his father-in-law had possessions. Of his eleven children, only one—Joseph—was a resident in Somerville.

He married Rebecca, daughter of Stephen Chittenden, of Scituate. Joseph, at the time of his death, had eight several parcels of land in Somerville—seventy-four and one-half acres at Winter Hill. He owned four female negro slaves, and bequeathed them to children, one to a child so long as the supply held out. Samuel was the only one of his nine children who remained in Somerville. He married Rebecca, daughter of Joseph Adams.

Three of the children of Samuel remained in Somerville: Sarah and Rebecca, who married successively Nathaniel Hawkins, and Lucy, who married Joseph Adams. Lucy's descendants are the only posterity of John Kent now in this city—five persons.

John Fosket, 1677, married a daughter of Robert Leach, as already stated, and may have lived here, but none of his descendants are now here.

Joseph Phipps, 1685, was son of Solomon, who may have lived in Somerville. Joseph probably lived in the Highfield. He married Mary, daughter of Samuel Kettle, and their son Samuel, town clerk in 1726, had wife Abigail. He had a homestead in the Highfield, which descended (or, at least, a part of it) to his son Joseph, who sold to Benjamin Stokes the mansion and nine and one-half acres of land; and the family soon became extinct in Somerville. The heirs of Stokes sold to the Catholic church in 1829. About thirty years ago the church sold the property, and the hill was leveled. It is now a barren waste.

Charles Hunnewell, 1700, or thereabouts, son of Richard, of Boston, married Elizabeth, daughter of James Davis. He occupied in 1737 the Gershom Davies farm of seven acres, on the south side of Winter Hill. Their eldest son, Charles, married a second wife—Margaret Patten. Their son William married Elizabeth, daughter of Isaac Fillebrown, and their son William married Sarah, daughter of William Frothingham. All the seven children of William and Sarah were undoubtedly born here. James certainly was, for he told me so, and in his will he says: "Somerville, my native place." None of the children remained here. The five sons of William, William, Thomas,

Joseph, Charles, and James, lived within the peninsula. James Hunnewell, the youngest son, was a merchant and ship-owner in Boston, a pleasant and honorable man of business. By reading his will, one can see that, had circumstances favored, our public library might have received a large share of his estate; but the circumstances were unfavorable.

There are now eighteen descendants of Richard Hunnewell in this city. If there are more, they are unknown to me.

Caleb Crosswell, 1700, son of Thomas, had possessions on both sides of the "Road to Cambridge," and probably lived there. His four sons did not live in Somerville. They were Thomas, who was a barber; Andrew, a "gentleman"; Benjamin, a saddler; and Joseph, a wig-maker and clergyman. A diversity of occupations, surely.

Jean, or John, Mallet, about 1703, of Powder House fame, may have lived in Somerville, as he had ten acres of land here. He had four or five sons and two daughters. His son Andrew had a house and ten acres of land east of Winter Hill. The family became extinct in this vicinity in the fourth generation.

Peter Tufts, about 1727, son of John, was of the third generation of the Peter Tufts family of Malden, and lived at Milk Row. The descendants in Somerville of the senior Peter Tufts and his wife, Mary Pierce, the progenitors of the family on this side of the Atlantic, are through their sons James and John and daughter Elizabeth. Either Peter Tufts, Sr., the father, or Peter Tufts, Jr., the brother, of these three had an "orchard home" near Wildridge's Hill, more than a quarter of a century before the third Peter was at Milk Row. The junior Peter probably had no issue here.

So much information about the Tufts family has been given by Dr. Edward C. Booth in the New England Historical and Genealogical Register, by the late Thomas B. Wyman in his Genealogies and Estates of Charlestown, and by the late William H. Whitmore in his Medford Genealogies, that further attempts at this time seem unnecessary. The descendants of the progenitors now living in Somerville are one hundred and thirteen in number, enough to found a colony.

Ebenezer Shed, 1727, perhaps lived on or near the "Road to Cambridge," now Washington street, as he had possessions in that locality, on both sides of the road, near Wildridge's Hill. The family became extinct here in the third generation.

William Rand, 1758, was in the fifth generation of the Robert Rand family. He had two sons, William, who may have lived in Woburn, and Thomas, who lived in Somerville. Descendants here are all through Thomas, thirteen in number.

Peleg Stearns, 1761, had a homestead and possessions in the Highfield. His only child, Dr. William Stearns, married Sarah White Sprague, and they had nine children. The homestead was on the northeasterly side of Broadway, near the Charlestown line, and the house is still standing. Besides their possessions in the Highfield, they had land on the southerly side of Washington street, near the Charlestown line, and in Polly's Swamp. Two of the descendants of Peleg Stearns are now in Somerville.

Joseph Adams, 1770, was of the fifth generation of the John Adams family, of Cambridge, and the fourth Joseph in lineal descent. Two Josephs in lineal descent followed him. He lived on the northwesterly slope of Winter Hill, in what is now known as the Magoun House; and it is still occupied by descendants. Major Joseph Adams married, first, Lucy, daughter of Samuel Kent, and second, Sarah, daughter of Peter Tufts. John Adams' descendants now living here are twenty-six in number.

Jonathan Teele, 1776, son of Samuel, was of the fourth generation of the William Teele family of Malden, and he lived in the upper part of the town, and posterity are still living there. He married Lydia, daughter of Ammi Cutter. The descendants of William Teele now living in this city are nineteen in number.

John Stone, 1782, son of Jonathan Stone, Jr., of Medford, was of the sixth generation of the Stone family of Watertown. He married Mary, daughter of Nathaniel Tufts. Their children, who lived in Somerville and have issue here, were: Nathaniel T. Stone, who married Sarah, daughter of Thomas Rand; Hannah A., who married David A. Sanborn; and Lydia, who married Robert Vinal. Seth Stone, a brother of John, married another Mary Tufts, and although he lived elsewhere, has descendants

here through his daughter Susanna, who married Benjamin Tufts. It would seem to be difficult for a person living in Somerville, and of Puritan stock, to run his or her line of ancestry back without striking a Tufts. The posterity of the progenitor now living in Somerville are twenty-four in number.

Samuel Cutter, 1783, son of Samuel, was of the fifth generation of the Richard Cutter family of Cambridge, and lived in Somerville. Three sons of Samuel, Jr., Edward, Fitch, and Ebenezer F., lived on the Winter Hill road, toward Charlestown, and Samuel, their eldest brother, lived within the peninsula. A daughter of Francis, brother of Samuel, Sr., Charlotte W., married Abraham M. Moore, of Somerville. Ephraim Cutter, 1791, son of Ammi, was of the fifth generation, and lived on Prospect Hill. If he has descendants in this city, they are unknown to me. Lydia Cutter, sister of Ephraim, married Jonathan Teele, of Somerville. Rebecca Cutter, daughter of William, was of the third generation, and married Joseph Adams (the second Joseph), of Cambridge.

The descendants of Richard Cutter now living in this city are seventy-four in all.

Philemon Russell, probably in 1789, as he was in the census of that year. His possessions in Somerville were near Alewife Brook. He was son of Joseph, who may have lived in the same locality, and who was of the fourth generation of the William Russell family of Cambridge. Philemon Russell married Elizabeth, daughter of David Wyman. His eldest son, Philemon Robbins, married Martha, daughter of Isaac Tufts, a member of the ubiquitous Tufts family. The descendants of William Russell now living in this city, all through Philemon R. and wife Martha, are sixteen in number.

Nathaniel Hawkins, 1783, married, first, Sarah, and second, Rebecca, daughters of Samuel Kent, as previously mentioned. His sons, Christopher and Guy Carleton, resided here, but the family is now extinct in Somerville.

Joseph Barrell, 1793, or thereabouts, owned a dwelling house and a large tract of land south of Washington Street, which became known as Cobble Hill. His daughter Hannah married

Benjamin Joy, who came in possession and in 1817 sold the most elevated part of the land; and the McLean Asylum buildings were erected thereon. The remaining part of the land and the house were known in my early days sometimes as the Barrell farm and sometimes as the Joy farm, and the dwelling house is well remembered. None of Barrell's heirs are now here.

This completes the list of the original English inhabitants, all in the seventeenth century, about twenty-five in number, and the early settlers, down to the close of the eighteenth century, about twenty in all. If the collection seems small, let it be borne in mind that Somerville was a sparsely-populated district, and that many farms were owned by residents within the peninsula, some in Cambridge, and a few in Malden. Indeed, in the nineteenth century and in my time it was a common sight, late in the afternoon of any summer day, to see cows from Somerville passing down Main Street in Charlestown to their owners' homes. The number of adult inhabitants here in the first two centuries could not have been at any time more than two hundred and fifty. It was not my intention to cross a second century line, but interest increased, as other names came to the surface. In the forty-second year of the nineteenth century, when the town commenced its legal existence, there were only about ninety resident real estate owners, and the population was one thousand and thirteen. The non-resident real estate owners numbered about forty. Of the ninety resident real estate owners, nineteen were descendants of the original English inhabitants through the early settlers, five were descended from the early settlers, thirteen were new-comers whose posterity are now here, and about fifty-three were new-comers who probably left no issue in Somerville.

There are now resident in this city one hundred and forty-four descendants of the original English inhabitants and ninety-four of the early settlers. Of the former, one hundred and thirteen are of the Tufts family, twelve are of the Miller family, of whom ten are also of the Tufts family, and are included in the number so given, and five are of the Kent family, and are also of the Tufts family, and are included in this family number.

Nine were of the Palgrave family, eighteen were of the Ezekiel Richardson family, and two were of the Goble family.

In 1842, the year in which the town of Somerville was incorporated, the prominent men were: John S. Edgerly, of blessed memory, a selectman the first year and for eleven years subsequently, and chairman of the Board a part of the time. Mr. Brastow, afterwards the first mayor of the city, gave Mr. Edgerly the sobriquet of "Winter Hill eagle," because he lived at the top of the highest elevation in Somerville. The second person to name is Charles E. Gilman, who was town clerk in 1842, and the faithful town and city clerk forty-six years consecutively and till the time of his death. John C. Magoun was an assessor in 1842, and for thirty years subsequently. He was an overseer of the poor twenty-two years. Edmund Tufts was town treasurer and collector of taxes the first year, and the sum total that passed through his hands was \$4,993.97. Other prominent men the first year were Nathan Tufts, Caleb W. Leland, Guy C. Hawkins, Alfred Allen, Levi Russell, Charles Miller, Francis Bowman, Columbus Tyler, Robert Vinal, Thomas J. Leland, Joseph Clark, Dr. Luther V. Bell, James Hill, Captain Edward Cutter, Fitch Cutter, Orr N. Towne, Colonel Samuel Jaques, of Ten Hills Farm renown, Clark Bennett, Samuel T. Frost, and George O. Brastow, all passed away.

To continue the narrative down the generations would be foreign to my purpose and fail of historic interest, and I close the book.

COMPANY E, 39TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY, IN THE CIVIL WAR.—(III.)

[Diary of J. H. Dusseault—Continued.]

May 7. At an early hour our forces were turned out to strengthen the long line of breastworks. There was not much firing between the two armies till 8 o'clock. From that time heavy skirmishing and the thunder of artillery continued all day. At 5 p. m. our division went to the rear, about a mile, and had supper. It must be understood that our division was the advance of the Army of the Potomac from the Battle of the Wilderness till that of Spottsylvania, and this was the beginning of the movement which led up to the latter conflict. Those who took our places kept up the skirmish while we were marched off towards Spottsylvania. We started at 9 p. m., and began one of those famous left-hand flank movements of General Grant's. We marched all night, and halted at 5 a. m. on May 8. At 6 o'clock we were near Alsop's Farm. Moving forward a mile, we found the enemy's cavalry disputing for the road with our cavalry. Thereupon the regiment (Thirty-ninth Massachusetts), with the rest of the brigade, was ordered to support the cavalry. A bayonet charge was made which drove their cavalry, then a battery, and finally brought us face to face with the enemy's infantry strongly posted behind breastworks. It seems that Longstreet's Corps had started out about the same time we had. He had been wounded and Anderson was in command.

The enemy had the start of us, and they were also superior in numbers, as they had a whole corps, and we only a division. After a hard fight, the Union forces were obliged to fall back over an open field. In this action the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts came off with ninety-three men killed, wounded, and missing. Company E lost William D. Palmer and had five men wounded, viz: Thomas Hyde, John E. Horton, George A. Northey, who was captured by the enemy, William J. Arnold, and John H. Dusseault (originally of this company), who was wounded in the breast, but providentially saved by an army

button. His diary says: "I was within thirty feet of the enemy's breastworks, and when hit I was sure I was killed, as the force of the blow caused me to spin round and round like a top, and I fell to the ground. Finding I was not seriously hurt, I jumped up and joined in the retreat. We were driven back about a mile, when Griffin's division met us and stopped the retreat. This event happened about 9 o'clock in the morning. General Robinson, commander of our division, lost a leg in this action. When we came back we found Captain W. C. Kinsley, of Company K, in tears. 'Look at my company!' he cried, 'only seven left out of eighty-seven!' But he was assured that the woods were full of our men, and that his would be in shortly. It proved to be so. We were not called on for the rest of the day, and that night the men obtained some sleep."

Lieutenant Dusseault has a very distinct remembrance of General Grant as he appeared on the first day of the Wilderness, May 5. It was unfortunate for the Union forces that these two battles accomplished so little. Our side lost two or three men to the enemy's one. From May 4 to January 1, 1865, General Grant lost more than eighty-nine thousand men; General Lee had only ninety thousand altogether.

The Battle of Spottsylvania began at Alsop's Farm May 8. May 9 we turned out at 3 a. m., drew our rations, and went to the right. Meanwhile our guns were playing on Lee's wagon train, which was moving to our left. There was not much fighting this day. Beginning with the day before, we built not less than three lines of breastworks, one during the night, one at early dawn, and one that day. General Sedgwick, a regular army man, and the commander of the Sixth Corps, was shot that night. This sad event occurred just in front of our position. Later that same night—and it was a dark one, too—I was detailed to go back to the Ordinance train for ammunition. I had sixty men from the five different regiments of our brigade to help me. I was ordered to bring twenty-five thousand rounds (twenty-five boxes). We had secured the requisite amount and were returning to the brigade in the thick darkness. As it took two men to carry a box, which was supported on a blanket between them, it was im-

possible to keep the men together, and as I did not know them, many of them dropped their burdens and ran away. When we got back to our camping place we learned that the brigade had moved on a mile and a half farther. When I came up to my superior officer, I had but seven boxes to deliver to him. Rousing from his sleep, he ordered me to go back immediately and secure the rest, and then turned over and went to sleep again. It had to be done, and about 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning I reported the second time, not with the lost boxes, but with enough others that had been obtained in a way which I will not stop to explain.

May 10. At Laurel Hill. Here we engaged again with the enemy, and occupied a position in front of a line of works, while the firing of musketry and artillery went on over our heads. Thus we remained for seven hours, making no active demonstration. The Union side suffered heavy loss from the artillery. About dusk we made a charge, but were repulsed. That day nine of our regiment were killed and forty-six were wounded. Corporal Samuel O. Felker and Private Robert Powers, of Company E, were killed by the same shell. Lieutenant Mills and George R. Harlow were wounded. Lieutenant Dusseault was also wounded, in the left elbow. We lay in the woods that night and kept pretty quiet.

May 11. Not much fighting, as rain set in at 5 p. m. and continued all through the night.

May 12. Still raining. Heavy firing on our left. Hancock's Corps (the Second) had charged the enemy's works at daylight; these were captured and a whole brigade of troops. But the works had to be abandoned later, as we could not hold them. At noon that day we were ordered back to the place from which we made our charge on May 10. The only difference was that two lines were in front of us now; on May 10 we were in front. Both of these lines broke, however, and we were ordered out, and moved to the left into some breastworks. At this time there were lost out of Company E David Gorham and William Odiorne, both being wounded. Lieutenant Dusseault received a slight wound in the right arm.

May 13. Our division went to the rear about 8 a. m., but in about an hour we moved forward into breastworks again, and lay there all day. The enemy were within firing distance. At 10 p. m. we fell into line and marched all night, to the left. The roads were in very bad condition, owing to the recent rains. We crossed two small streams—the Po and the Ny—and halted at 6 a. m., having made but seven miles.

May 14. We did not do much this day, on account of the deep mud. The enemy shelled us, but we did not return the compliment. By this time it must be understood the men had thrown away or lost their shelter tents, and had left behind almost everything of their outfits, except their rubber blankets. At 9 p. m. we turned in, as often, under the open canopy of heaven.

May 15. We turned out at 7 a. m., keeping quiet all that day, but expecting an attack. The enemy, however, made no demonstration. Had a good night's sleep. We were still at Spottsylvania, for our progress had been in a circular direction. The town, which consisted of a court house and a few other buildings, was two or three miles in front, where the enemy were.

May 16. There was very little firing.

May 17. Very warm weather. We marched to the right and threw up more breastworks.

May 18. Pleasant and warm. I was detailed for picket at 9 a. m. Our brigade moved to the left, and the pickets joined the regiment. There was heavy cannonading, and shells were striking all around us. About 3 p. m. we moved to the right, and at 11 p. m. marched back to the breastworks which we built the night before. Fighting that day was going on mostly upon our right.

May 19. We lay in the breastworks all day; pickets were drawn in at 5 p. m., when the Rebels began to shell us. Our batteries opened on them, and they soon ceased firing. The hard fighting on our right continued. Early's Corps made a charge on our wagon train, which was in our rear, by coming around on our flank; our troops met and repulsed this charge, but there was a heavy loss on both sides. The First Division of

our corps was in this fight, the First Massachusetts Artillery being in the thickest of it. We were fortunate enough to get some sleep that night.

May 20. All was quiet.

May 21. We turned out at 4 a. m., moving to the left at 10. The enemy began to shell us, and we moved back. A little past noon we again moved to the left, marching thirteen miles to Guinness Station. Heavy firing ahead of us. The whole army has left Spottsylvania now, and our corps is in the rear. A very hot day.

May 22. After a good sleep, we turned out at 3 a. m., lay under arms till 11 a. m., when we marched twelve to fifteen miles, as far as Bull's Church. A very hot day again. We find ourselves out of rations.

May 23. Turned out at 4 a. m., marched at 5.30, about twelve miles, and halted near North Anna River. This was at 10 o'clock. At 3 in the afternoon we crossed this river. About a half-hour later, when part of our corps was over, Hill's Rebel Corps charged us. The river here has high banks on both sides, in some places thirty to fifty feet high, so that we could not retreat without heavy loss. Our opponents came within six or eight feet of us, then broke and went for some woods. We pursued, but as it grew dark we fell back out of the woods for fear of an ambush. Company E had two men wounded, Corporal George Myers and Private William Moulton. The enemy's loss must have been considerable. We lay close to the river all night and all the next day (May 24). Our skirmishes advanced, but found no enemy except Rebel stragglers, who were coming in all day. We turned in at 9, as a storm threatened.

May 25. As it happened, there was no rain, so we were turned out at 3. An hour later we marched about a mile to the left and threw up breastworks. Smart skirmishing was going on in front of us. That afternoon our artillery shelled the enemy. They made no reply, but their sharp-shooters picked off a number of our men. We lay quiet all that night.

May 26. We turned out at 4 in a rain which continued an hour or more. Heavy skirmishing went on nearly all day. We

moved at 9 a. m., under orders not to speak a word above a whisper. This was a hard march. About 1 o'clock we recrossed the North Anna, and at 2.30 p. m. halted to draw three days' rations, which we were told must last for six days. An hour later we moved again, and marched almost continuously till 8 o'clock the next morning, when we halted for breakfast. At 11 a. m. the march was resumed. (All this marching was a left flank movement.) At 7 p. m. we arrived at Hanover town. This ended a hard march of twenty-two hours. We had not had our clothes off in twenty-four days. No one thought of washing his face much less of taking a bath. It can be imagined in what a filthy condition we were. This state of things lasted from May 4 to June 16.

May 28. We turned out at 4 and marched at 6, crossing the Pemunky River near Newcastle. We halted three miles from the river, built breastworks, and passed the night. Richmond was about fifteen miles from us.

May 29. The march was resumed at 10 a. m., and two miles were covered. Our regiment passed along the line of works to the extreme left, to guard some crossroads; here breastworks were constructed, and the regiment went on picket. It added to the discomfiture that we were out of rations.

May 30. The regiment came off picket duty and rejoined the brigade, which had been left alone, at 8 a. m., and after a short march we overtook the main column. The enemy had been found near Bethesda Church, and our troops were placed in line of battle. Our regiment was assigned its position, skirmishers were thrown out, and works thrown up. In the afternoon the skirmishers engaged with the enemy, and were able to hold their line. This was to be the condition of things for our regiment until June 5.

May 31. We were in line of battle early, and some skirmishing took place. Lieutenant Dusseault was detailed to go on the line. For the benefit of the uninitiated, it is explained that the officer and his men, five paces apart, are supposed to push as near the enemy as possible, nearer, of course, in the woods than in open ground; every man seizes his opportunity from rocks or trees to move up nearer.

Thus ended the month of May, 1864, but to describe all the experience of those thirty-one days would be impossible. Suffice it to say, some of them were perfectly terrible. The whole army had been on the move since May 3, a state of things which was to continue until June 16.

On the skirmish line that night I became completely exhausted. We were now a mile and a half in advance of our main line. The sergeant with me was of the One Hundred and Fourth New York. I left him in charge, lay down and went to sleep. About midnight, when it was "dark as pitch," he roused me with the words: "They are coming! They are coming!" It seems the enemy were marching in one long, steady column towards our right. They were so near we could hear their voices, and their tramping shook the earth where we lay. In the morning we found their earthworks empty, and we so reported it at headquarters.

June 1. The day was pleasant, but a hot one. As I have stated, our skirmish line, about a mile and a half from our main force, was in the woods and close up to the enemy. At day-break when we found their works vacated, I reported to division officer of the picket, Major Pierce, of the Thirteenth Massachusetts, who ordered me to advance my line. But just as I was about to do so we found the enemy were moving back to our left. They passed within three hundred feet of our picket line, which thus found itself in a rather delicate situation. It is safe to say their flankers came as near as two hundred feet, and we did not dare to move during the hour or more which it took them to pass. There must have been five or six thousand of them. Finally they halted and slipped into their old works. Just then the Ninth New York Regiment, deployed as skirmishers, advanced to relieve us. They made so much noise that the enemy fired, and several of the New York boys were killed or wounded. The enemy must have thought it was our whole line advancing, for they shelled the woods in great shape. We lay close, but when there came a lull, we would fall back, and thus gradually regained the regiment, where we went to building earthworks. About 7 p. m. we moved to the left into an open field, where we threw up a new line of works. This made the eighteenth line of

breastworks since we started on this campaign, May 3. This is known as the battle of Cold Harbor. We were more fortunate than the Second and Eighteenth Corps (Hancock's and Baldy Smith's), which had the brunt of the battle. It will be remembered that the Eighteenth Corps was part of General Butler's army which joined us here, coming up from the South. Both corps were on our left. There was a terrible fight on all that day till 9 p. m. We could hear the roar of it all. The Union loss was about ten thousand men. Later General Grant acknowledged that the attack of Cold Harbor was a mistake.

June 2. At daybreak minie balls began to fly over our heads. Our skirmish line advanced and drove the enemy into the woods. About 6 o'clock that morning they charged Cutler's Division of our corps, which was at our left, and the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts was ordered to their support. The enemy was repulsed. That day, the second day of Cold Harbor, the cannonading was heavy, although most of the time it was raining, but that night all was quiet.

June 3. About 4 in the morning an artillery fight began, which continued nearly all day. For noise and tumult this surpassed anything I had heard up to this time. No one of Company E was injured. The weather cleared at $\frac{5}{8}$ p. m., and there was comparative quiet until the next morning.

June 4. We were on the move, towards the left, till about noon, and took up our position in the works which we built June 1. All was quiet until 8 o'clock at night, when a fight began to the left of us; it lasted about an hour. Rain which began at 5 p. m. kept up all night.

June 5. We turned out at 4 a. m. and moved to the right in the midst of rain. Here we lay behind earthworks all day. Quiet prevailed until 8.30 p. m., when a charge was made upon our left. This attack was repulsed after an hour's fighting. At 9, or later, we moved again to the left, and halted at midnight near Cold Harbor, where we turned in for the night.

Monday, June 6. We turned out at 7 a. m. The day was warm and pleasant. At 6 p. m. orders came to be ready to march, but at 8 o'clock we were notified that we could pitch

tents. The teams came up, and the officers got at their valises. This was the first all day's rest since May 3.

June 7. We lay here (near Cold Harbor) all day. About noon orders came for us to pack up, but for some reason we did not march. At 6 p. m. we made camp, and turned in at 9. A quiet, restful day; some of the men drew new clothing.

June 8. Another quiet day, warm; the teams came up again; nothing doing.

June 9. Another day of quiet. Once in a while we hear the boom of a cannon, but it does not trouble us. The enemy are within one-half mile of our front. Doubtless some of their troops, as well as our own, were in motion somewhere, but we did not know of it.

June 10. We lay in our works all day; received a mail from home; turned in at 10 p. m.

June 11. We were called out at 3 in the morning, to march at 6, a distance of eight miles. We halted at 11 a. m. near Bottom's Bridge, on the Chickahominy River. Company B and Company H (mine) were detached for picket, and were stationed two miles from the bridge. I wrote home and enclosed a Richmond "Whig" of May 20. (It is to-day in a good state of preservation.)

June 12. We returned from picket at 11 a. m., and our regiment had an inspection by the brigade commander, Colonel Peter Lyle, of the Ninetieth Pennsylvania. This lasted a half-hour, after which we were ordered to fall in and stack arms. At 6 p. m. we were on the march again till 10.30 that night, when we halted for supper. This was a fine day, but pretty hot.

June 13. We resumed our march at 1 a. m., and crossed the Chickahominy near Long Bridge on pontoons just before daylight. There was some slight skirmishing. At 6 a. m. we marched for two hours, covering about two miles only, and formed in line of battle. We were now in White Oak Swamp, between the James River and the Chickahominy, and the skirmishing was lively. While the enemy were shelling us we threw up breastworks. It seems that they had charged on the right of our division in the forenoon, and our Third Brigade had given

way, but we managed to hold our line. Our division was alone here, as the balance of our corps was some distance in the rear. General Grant behind us was rushing his whole army across the peninsula to the James, while we in front were making this demonstration. Richmond was before us, but seven to ten miles away. Our action, of course, was a bluff. After dark we moved away very quietly, as we were under orders not to speak above a whisper. We marched all night, and came to a halt just before daybreak.

June 14. At 6 a. m. we were in motion again, and after covering six or eight miles, halted at 10 o'clock near Charles City Court House, not far from the James. During this time the Second Corps was crossing the river. We remained here, out of rations, the rest of the day, and turned in for a cool and comfortable night at 8 p. m. The next day, also, we kept this position, and nothing worthy of record happened, except that we drew four days' rations, and by 6 p. m. the Second Corps had finished crossing the river.

June 16. We were turned out at 2 a. m. for a march of about three miles, and halted at the banks of the James. Our brigade crossed on the transport "General Howard," and by 9 we were landed on the southern side. The Seventh Massachusetts were just about taking transports for home, as their term of service had expired. Our men had a bath in the James River, the first since May 3. At the least calculation, five thousand men were in the water with me. At 4 o'clock that afternoon marching was resumed until 10.30 p. m., when we halted in some woods and had supper. Ten miles must have been covered. (We were now on the right of our army. The left flank was now the front. When we crossed the Chickahominy we were in the advance, but when we came to the James we were in the rear.)

June 17. We turned out at 1 a. m. and marched at 3 a. m., as there was fighting on our front. At 9 o'clock we halted in the rear of some breastworks. Some of our army had come up against the enemy at Petersburg. At 6 p. m. we go forward again. All that night there is lively fighting on our front (the left). Lieutenant Wyman, of my company (H), and several

others are wounded. About midnight Captain Willard C. Kinsley is slightly injured in the head by a spent ball. We have no sleep that night. We are within two miles, good shelling distance, of Petersburg. Thus we spent Bunker Hill Day, 1864.

June 18. At 7 a. m. we advanced through woods and dug some pits, but went forward again, and at noon occupied the Norfolk Railroad at a point where there was a deep cut between banks that were twenty-five or thirty feet high. At 7.30 in the evening, when it was dark, we advanced rapidly across a ravine which was just beyond. In that short run two men of Company E were wounded, John E. Fuller and John O. Sullivan: George Farrar was wounded later the same day. Heavy skirmishing went on all that day, and an artillery duel in the afternoon. The officers had been ordered to brigade headquarters, where they were informed that there was to be a night attack. By this time our forces had taken two of the enemy's lines of works, and now we were expecting to charge on their third. But the order for some reason was changed to a left flank movement, which brought us on the other bank, where breastworks were again thrown up. Later we lay back of them in a position exposed to the enemy, who woke us next morning by firing at us from close range.

June 19. We lay in our works with shells and bullets flying around us all day. Our works were about five hundred yards from the enemy's, and our skirmishers were across the ravine on a side hill. As soon as it was dark we went to work on our entrenchments. (Comment: We made a mistake, in my opinion, that we did not charge the enemy that night, for it seems as if we could have gone into Richmond just as well as not. But Grant was with us, and the countermand must have come from him.)

June 20. I am twenty-four years old to-day. Last night we worked until 2 o'clock, and were turned out again at 4 this morning. The enemy's sharp-shooters are on the lookout for the man careless enough to show himself.

June 21. We are in our works all day; pleasant weather. I was detailed for picket at 9 p. m. As we were expecting a charge from the enemy, there was no sleep for picket or brigade.

June 22. I am on picket all day ; still pleasant. Two of my detail were hit : Barden, of Company A, in the head, and killed ; Corporal Fitts, of Company H, in the foot. I was relieved at 10 p. m., and went back to my regiment. I had just reached it when heavy firing was directed right upon us.

June 23. A fine day, but waim. T. P. Harris, of my company, was hit in the head and killed at 8 a. m. There were rumors of a move to-day to some other part of the line, but we remained here all night.

June 24. Just before daylight we moved to the left, the enemy shelling us all the while. We were sent up to the first line to relieve a part of the Second Corps, and stayed there all day. The time of the Twelfth Massachusetts expires and they leave for home to-day. To-night, as on the previous nights, half of our men are kept awake, that we may not be taken by surprise. This state of things continued night after night.

June 25. We turned out at daylight. The recruits and re-enlisted men of the Twelfth Regiment, one hundred and twenty-five in number, were transferred to our regiment. Company E, as it was reduced in numbers, had eighteen of them. At 8 p. m. there was an alarm, and we fell into line to receive the enemy, but they did not charge us.

June 26. Not much doing. We drew clothing, and turned in at 9 p. m. Pleasant and warm.

June 27. We turned out at 2 a. m., expecting an attack, but none was made. A shower of rain fell at 6 p. m. We turned in at 9 and had a good sleep. We were still so near the enemy that their pickets and ours could converse without raising their voices very much.

June 28. We turned out at 5 a. m. Quiet all day ; hardly any picket firing. Orders came at 2 o'clock to pack up at 5. We threw up a new line of works near our picket line. The evening was cool and comfortable. We turned in at midnight.

June 29. Weather comfortable ; all quiet ; turned in at 9 o'clock.

June 30. Cool weather. We were mustered for pay at 9 a. m. All quiet, and we turned in at 10 p. m.

July 1. Cool and comfortable. We turned out at 5 a. m. Had a roll-call. The regiment received from the sanitary commission roast turkey, condensed milk, soft bread, lemons, and tobacco. Another quiet day, and we turned in at 9 p. m.

July 2. A very warm day, and a quiet one. There is a rumor that the enemy are leaving our front. We turn in at 9.

July 3. Another very warm day. I was detailed for picket duty at 6 p. m. No firing on our front.

July 4. A little rain about daylight. All quiet, but a picket line is a poor place to pass the "glorious Fourth of July." Relieved at 6 p. m.; returned to the regiment, and turned in at 11 p. m.

July 5. I wrote home and sent my diary. Turned in at 10 p. m. Quiet all night.

July 6. We turned out at 6. A pleasant but very hot day. The boys receive their mail. All quiet.

July 7. Another warm day. All quiet until 6 p. m., when we were relieving the pickets. The Rebels began to shell us, and several of our brigade were wounded. The firing ceased in about a half-hour, and the rest of the night was as usual.

July 8. All quiet to-day until 6 p. m., when an artillery duel commenced and kept up for a half-hour, but the shells went over our heads, doing no damage. Turned in at 9 p. m., as there was no further disturbance.

July 9. Another very warm day. The Rebels have fired on an average two shells every ten minutes, but all go over us. We turn in at 9 p. m.

July 10. We were turned out in lively fashion at 3 o'clock by minie balls zipping close over our heads. These were the first shots fired by the pickets since we occupied these works. They stopped at daylight. Turned in at 9, and quiet prevailed at night.

July 11. We turned out at 5, and everything was quiet until 5.30 in the afternoon, when the enemy began to shell us again. The first shell struck in our regimental headquarters, and exploded directly under our commanding officer, Colonel P. S. Davis, fatally wounding him. He died at 7 p. m. His mind

was clear, and he continued to converse and give directions up to the last. The surgeon of the Thirteenth, who was sitting with him at the time, was injured but slightly. Lieutenant-colonel Charles L. Pierson, afterwards General Pierson, succeeded to the command. Colonel Davis's body was embalmed and sent home, and there was a public funeral in Cambridge, where the Grand Army Post is named in his honor. His remains are interred in Mt. Auburn Cemetery.

July 12. We turned out at 1 in the early morning. I was detailed for picket, and went out at 2 o'clock, with about seventy-five to one hundred men, as was the general number from each brigade. We were relieved at 6 p. m. Our regiment was moved a little to the rear, into a new fort not yet finished. The men worked on this night and day till July 15. This fort covered about three acres, or enough space for a whole brigade. It was called Fort Davis, in memory of our late colonel. I have been in it twice in later years, in 1899 and in 1902. It is situated on Jerusalem Plank Road, a mile or more from Petersburg, and next to Fort "Hell" or Sedgwick. Fort MacMahon (Rebel), which our men called Fort "Damnation," was opposite. In building our fort, we dug a trench twenty feet wide and ten feet deep, and threw up the rampart on the inside. Thus there was eighteen or twenty feet of banking. The fort was dug square and with a diagonal through it. We had a magazine in the fort, and two wells were dug for supplying the men with water. Besides our brigade, we had with us the Ninth Massachusetts Battery, which suffered so terribly at Gettysburg. It was known as Bigelow's.

July 13. We turned out at 6 a. m. I was detailed for fatigue duty with sixty men from 3 to 6 p. m. This was the length of time the men would work upon the fort, when another squad would take their places. The work went on at night full as rapidly as by day.

July 14. I was detailed for fatigue duty again at midnight (morning), and worked till 3 a. m., when the whole brigade turned out, expecting an attack. But everything remained quiet, and we turned in at 9 p. m. The veterans and recruits of the

Thirteenth Massachusetts Volunteers were transferred to our regiment, one hundred and three in number.

July 15. We turned out at 4 a. m. and policed the grounds (i. e., cleaned them up); weather very warm. General Warren, our corps commander, laid out camp, and we pitched our tents accordingly. That day we held a Masonic meeting in one of our pits. Turned in at 9 p. m. and slept all night.

July 16. Out at 4 a. m. Cool weather and a quiet day. At the lodge meeting yesterday it was voted to pay the funeral expenses of the late Colonel Davis.

Sunday, July 17. Turned out at 4 a. m. Pleasant, warm, quiet. I was detailed for fatigue from 9 a. m. to noon and from 6 to 9 in the evening. A whiskey ration was given out to-day (given sometimes on fatigue a gill to each man). I had one hundred men that night, and there were eight canteens, or twelve quarts, for me to give out. I dealt out one-half gill, and so had four canteens left. I did this for fear some of the men would get intoxicated. I lay down with the whiskey under my head, and must have fallen asleep, for when I woke the whiskey was gone. It was easy to tell who stole it, for some half-dozen of the men were in a foolish condition. That day we had an inspection by the brigade commander. This was Sunday. Our chaplain was Edward Beecher French, an enlisted soldier, who was raised to chaplain. We did not have much use for him in that campaign, as little was done in the way of trying to hold religious services.

July 18. We turned out at 5 a. m. A few drops of rain fell towards dark, after a day of threatening weather. We have another inspection. Captain Willard Kinsley and I go down to a creek and take a bath. We get back about 9 p. m. (Our position here was seventeen or eighteen miles from the James River, and south of Richmond.)

July 19. We turned out at 5 a. m. I was detailed for fatigue, and relieved at 7 p. m. It rained all day. I had a letter from home, and wrote one in return.

July 20. We turned out at 5 a. m. Rain at intervals, but clearing at night. At 9 p. m. there was some firing on our picket line, probably a quarter of a mile in front of us. The enemy

kept up a heavy cannonading nearly all night. I turned in at midnight.

July 21. Turned out at 5. I am on fatigue duty again. About dusk the enemy cannonade us, and keep it up the greater part of the night. They were peppering Fort Sedgwick ("Hell").

July 22. Not much doing all day. We turned in and slept well all night.

July 23. We turned out at 5 a. m. Cool, pleasant weather. I am detailed on picket for forty-eight hours, beginning after dark. All quiet until midnight, when the enemy began a heavy cannonading on our right.

July 24. Cool and pleasant, all quiet until 4 p. m., when the enemy opened on us with their artillery. We didn't make much of a reply, as we were "sawing wood." They shelled our skirmish line some, which was unusual. One shell passed directly over my head and struck behind me, but fortunately did not explode. That night three men of my detail, Maine men, were wounded. The heaviest firing was at 6 p. m., as it rained hard till morning. We had a rough night.

July 25. They shelled us again to-day, but no one was hit. (Our opponents must have had very poor powder, for many of their shells refused to explode.) I was relieved at 8 p. m., and returned to the fort and regiment. The enemy threw a shell into our fort to-day for the first time.

July 26. We turned out at 6. Beautiful weather. The Second Corps moved out of the line to make a demonstration somewhere. (They returned the next day.) The Rebels shelled us from 5 p. m. to 10 p. m. They managed to put three shells into our fort, but no one was injured.

July 27. Turned out at 5 a. m. We are expecting an attack sure. Loads of ammunition have been brought up, and the men are more than ready. Heavy firing is going on at our right. Rumors are plenty. One man killed and two wounded on our picket line, men of our brigade, of the One Hundred and Fourth New York Regiment.

July 28. We turn out at 5 a. m. A dull day, with threatening rain. I was detailed for fatigue. All quiet through the day. At night I was detailed on picket. A quiet night. We were intending to advance our picket line, if possible, but the Rebels got the start by placing their videttes too near us.

July 29. Very warm. The enemy throw shells at daylight over our skirmish line, and again at 6 p. m. We on picket are relieved at 8 p. m. An order is given for the whole corps to turn out at 2.30 the next morning.

July 30. This order is obeyed, and our corps (the Fifth) moved to the right, into a trench just in the rear of the Ninth Corps, about a half-mile from our fort, and remained in line there with the Second Corps on our right. At 4.44 that morning there was a terrible explosion right in front of us. A tunnel four hundred and ninety feet long had been dug to a point under a Rebel fort, since known as "the Crater." It was blown up with about two hundred and fifty men. This fort was at the right of Fort Sedgwick—our right. This was a signal for all the guns on our side to open, and the cannonading was terrible. This lasted till 8 a. m. Our Ninth Corps rushed up and took the Rebel fort and their works, but about 2 p. m. the enemy re-took them. Besides being driven back, we lost fully four thousand men, and all through mismanagement. We—that is, the Second and Fifth Corps—never received an order to advance. As a piece of engineering the mine, which was under the direction of Lieutenant-colonel Pleasants, was well managed. That day the Northern army lost three men to the enemy's one. Who blundered? It is said that General Grant and General Meade did not take kindly to the plan from the first. Burnside, however, favored it. It seems as if Petersburg might have been taken then, instead of months later. That night the dead and wounded that had been lying between the lines all day, exposed to the glare of the hot sun, were brought in; most of them were in a terrible condition. We went back to the fort, and, except for the grumbling, everything went on as before.

[To be continued.]

HISTORIC LEAVES

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THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY BANQUET, OCTOBER 29, 1907.*

The Somerville Historical Society celebrated its tenth anniversary on Tuesday evening in Unitarian Hall in a manner befitting the organization, when the traditions dear to the heart of Somerville citizens were recalled as the foundation for true civic pride and loyalty. An informal reception was followed by a banquet in the lower hall, after which came the speech-making. Although the attendance was not as large as anticipated, on account of the weather, many representative people of the city were in attendance. Chief amongst the evening's guests was Aaron Sargent, who was eighty-five years of age on the day of the celebration, and who found himself the recipient of numerous congratulations.

The banquet hall was adorned with flags, several of which are valued possessions of the society. A Betsey Ross flag, with thirteen stars, also several other colonial flags, graced the walls, and were objects of much interest. The various tables were strewn with pinks and ferns, and a large basket of flowers ornamented the head table. While the banquet, one of Hicks' excellent affairs, was being served, Green's orchestra discoursed a delightful programme of music.

Frank M. Hawes, president of the society, opened the speech-making with words of greeting to the tenth anniversary celebration, and called upon William B. Holmes, treasurer of the organization, for a sketch of the society.†

Aaron Sargent was next presented, and in his opening remarks expressed his great desire that a creditable Somerville history should be shortly produced. He then read a paper on "The First Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony."‡

*Arranged from the report published in the Somerville Journal, November 1, 1907.

†See page 75.

‡See page 78.

Mr. Hawes then called upon Charles D. Elliot to act as toastmaster. Mr. Elliot proved himself most adept in his introduction of the various speakers, and first referred to the letters of regret received from Admiral Merry, President Hamilton, of Tufts College, Professors Dolbear, Bolles, and Maulsby, and others who were expected.

The first toast proposed by him was: "Somerville, like Rome, sits on her seven hills, each crowned with an historic halo."* This was responded to by Mayor Charles A. Grimmons, who was warmly applauded at the close.

He was followed by Major Edward Glines, whose toast was: "Massachusetts, the brightest star in the national constellation."† Mr. Glines brought the congratulations of Governor Guild as he spoke for the old Bay state in eloquent words.

John F. Ayer, former president of the society and founder of the Bay State League, was called upon as the "bard of Wakefield" to speak for the League, and opened his remarks by reading a rhyme merrily dedicated to Mr. Elliot.

Chief James R. Hopkins was asked to speak for "The Blessing of the Bay, the First Ship of Our Navy," and much interest was created in his remarks as he produced a large piece of log from the old wharf or way in the Mystic River, where the Blessing of the Bay was launched in 1631.

"In May, 1892," he remarked, "I left the Central fire station with William A. Perry and William A. Burbank, both members of the fire department. We called at the Forster School for the master, John S. Hayes. Together we went to the shore of the Mystic, near the Wellington Bridge. The time selected was when the tide was low. Getting down to the edge of the water, the mud was scraped from the logs and the axe driven in. The wood was soft, almost pulp, and had a strong odor of marsh gas. After getting all that was wanted, we returned to the Central fire station. There have been made from this wood three vases and two gavels. One of the gavels is possessed by the Masonic order, another by the Somerville Historical Society. No more of this wood can now be obtained."

Chief Hopkins referred to the grand ball at the incorpora-

*See page 80

†See page 82

tion of the town in 1842, and closed by quoting the toast of Mrs. Nancy Thorning Munroe upon that occasion: "Somerville, her three hills, Spring Hill, Winter Hill, Prospect Hill. May her spring ever be fresh, her winter ever green, and her prospect ever glorious."

Miss Elizabeth A. Waters spoke for the charities of Somerville, on account of her connection with the Somerville Samaritan Society, the precursor of the Associated Charities. Her toast was: "The Good Samaritan."

Will S. Eddy, president of the Bay State League, and of the Medford Historical Society, spoke for "Medford, the Emerald of the Mystic," and Miss Mary E. Elliot spoke stirringly on "Woman and Patriotism." Leon M. Conwell, editor of the Somerville Journal, was the last speaker called upon, and made brief remarks upon "The Press—the Preserver of Passing Events and Moulder of Public Opinion."

After the speeches the president presented the basket of flowers from the head table to Mr. Sargent, and then brought the exercises to a close.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY

By William B. Holmes

Mr. President, Guests and Members of the Somerville Historical Society:—

As upon all such occasions as this, it becomes the duty of those who still control its destiny to give an account of such events as have taken place in the past history of our Society, that duty has been assigned to me, but as the principal part of the time will be devoted this evening to the other speakers I will make only a brief outline.

As you are well aware, we have reached to-day our tenth milestone, and though ten years seem but a day when we look back on time, that short period marks many an important and pleasant period in any society.

Pursuant to a call made by circular June 17, 1897, by the late John S. Hayes, Esq., fifteen prominent citizens of Somerville met at the Public Library on the evening of June 29, 1897, and

a temporary organization was then made by the choice of John S. Hayes as chairman and Dr. E. C. Booth as secretary. After remarks made by those present and letters read from prominent citizens approving the movement, it was then and there voted "that it is the sense of this meeting that an historical society be formed, and that a committee be appointed to formulate a plan of organization and prepare a set of by-laws and present them for approval," which was done in the following October, 1897 (ten years ago to-night), and one hundred and thirty-five persons paid and signed the by-laws.

Hon. George A. Bruce was elected first president, together with an efficient council, and re-elected in April following, it being our first annual meeting, though he resigned August 24, 1898, while in office. All this was called a voluntary organization, and so it was voted in regular meeting assembled that the necessary steps be taken to incorporate this body under the laws of Massachusetts; the papers were prepared and signed, and sent to the Secretary of State, and so on the third day of November, 1898, which was one year later, certain subscribers met for the purpose of reorganizing under the state charter which had been granted, and then and there adopted by-laws and elected officers for the ensuing year. Charles D. Elliot was elected president; since then we have had John F. Ayer for four years and the present incumbent, Frank M. Hawes, for two years.

Step by step this little plant grew, fostered by material which very few communities are blessed with, but the leading spirit did not live long to see the results. John S. Hayes, our first chairman and founder, died March 7, 1898, during the first year of its existence.

The first literary treat given under the auspices of the Society was by Dr. John Fiske, of Cambridge, celebrated the world over in his department. It was given in Unitarian Hall on a Sunday evening before a large audience. His subject was "General Lee of Revolutionary Fame," whose headquarters during the siege of Boston in 1775 were in the old house on Sycamore Street, where we held our meetings for some few years.

December, 1898, there was held in Union Hall, Union

Square, an Historical Festival, continuing for one week, depicting various historic events in the life of our city and country, and which for its kind has never been equaled in this vicinity, and will long be remembered by those who attended. Since then the committee on essays has furnished for us at stated intervals each season a series of topics by persons celebrated in historical research, touching, not only upon every detail of value to our own city, but upon subjects interesting to the lover and student of bygone days, most all of which have been published in the Society's organ, called *Historic Leaves*. The first number was issued early in 1902, and although published at considerable expense to us, it has been steadfastly continued until the present day, in the belief that without such an organ there would be no permanent record of the Society's work. It may not be appreciated fully in our day, but in time to come many of its subjects will be of inestimable value, like the "Minutes of the Stamp Act," which could not be found, and were given up as destroyed, until some person eager for research discovered them in an old leaky garret in Baltimore and brought them to light, to the great assistance of history, and so I am in hopes that our efforts will be appreciated in time.

We read in our histories and school books, and hear from speakers in the pulpit and rostrum, about Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and these names are familiar to almost every child in America, but if in the future our own city receives its just deserts, Somerville will be coupled with them, for would you believe it, we have right here about us just as many sites of celebrated events.

On December 12, 1898, the Society met at the historic Tufts House (General Lee's old headquarters) for the first time, in the shape of a house-warming, having leased the same and furnished it with gifts received from the various members, and there our meetings were regularly held until May 1, 1905, when for various reasons it was deemed advisable to return to our apartments in the Public Library, where we have been ever since.

In 1899 a committee on Historic Sites was appointed, and through their efforts an appropriation was made by the city council, and certain tablets have been erected commemorating

localities and events in the early history of our city, and placed thereon, to the great interest of visitors and others.

Our membership is now near 200, comprising most of our leading people in education and public concern, and were we so fortunate as to be able to have a home of our own, where we could display our various historic gifts made to us by our people, we would no doubt become soon a celebrated landmark to both old and young, and a power among our celebrated institutions, and we live in hopes that we may yet receive from some patriotic and philanthropic person sufficient funds to realize a structure, or else money which will be a nucleus for a building fund, devoted to history, and where the sons and daughters of Revolutionary heroes may also find a home. What better building could be erected in our midst?

Like all organizations, death has entered into our midst, taking away some helpful workers. None will be more missed than our first vice-president, Luther B. Pillsbury, who died in 1905, and who was ever constant and interested in the growth of our Society. Also Mrs. Martha Perry Lowe, President Capen, of Tufts College, Quincy A. Vinal, and a few others. Having now covered the principal part of our doings the past ten years, we are working for still better results in the next decade to come.

THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF THE MASSACHUSETTS BAY COLONY.

By Aaron Sargent.

This honor has been claimed for three persons,—Matthew Cradock, Roger Conant, and John Endicott. Perhaps none of them were entitled to the distinction. Matthew Cradock was the first governor of the Massachusetts Bay Company, formed in London in 1628 and 1629, the precursor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in New England, for so the company became in 1630; but Cradock was not its governor. John Winthrop, by virtue of his having been the follower in London of Cradock, as second governor of the company, became the governor of the colony, its successor. Roger Conant came over seven years before Winthrop, and in 1627 was at Salem as governor, agent,

or superintendent of the Dorchester projected settlement of perhaps fifty persons, and he was nothing more. John Endicott came over in 1628, and was at Salem governor, agent, or superintendent of London's Plantation of about thirty persons, superseding, also, Conant, and he was nothing more at that time. "Honor enough there is for Endicott, the earliest patentee who came over under the indenture from the Plymouth Colony," says Savage, "without challenging for him any that does not belong to him. . . . Endicott is entitled to no more office than the Plymouth company gave by their deed of indenture." Bradford says that at Salem "Mr. Endecott had cheefe comand," and gives him no further title. In 1629 Endicott sent Ralph Sprague and a small company overland to Charlestown, where they formed a settlement, but they were no more the Massachusetts Bay Colony, or any part of it, at that time than was Thomas Walford, the only white man whom they found in that peninsula. Walford was called a blacksmith, but what he could find to do at his calling among Indians it would not be easy to tell, unless it was the delightful occupation of making tomahawks and scalping knives for the savages.

Winthrop, as governor, came over in 1630, with a company of about fifteen hundred persons, to Charlestown; and the Massachusetts Bay Colony commenced its existence in that part of the town which is now in Somerville. Cradock remained at home, but had possessions here, and the Cradock house at Medford was purchased some years ago by General Samuel C. Lawrence, for the laudable purpose of saving it from demolition, or perhaps from what might have been a worse fate.

The annual Manual of the General Court of Massachusetts for many years has contained, and still contains, a list of public officials, colonial and state, from the earliest time. The compilation from 1860 to 1870 was by Dr. Shurtleff, and Cradock is named as first governor in 1629, followed by Winthrop in the same year. In placing the governorship as above stated, Shurtleff, in part, followed Savage. The compilation for the thirty-two years from 1871 to 1902 was by David Pulsifer. For the first seven years, he says Endicott and Cradock were governors in 1629, and Winthrop in 1630. For the remaining twenty-five

years he omits Cradock, and names Endicott as governor in 1629, and Winthrop in 1630. Always Endicott first; but Pulisfer was a Salem man. The compilation from 1903 to the present time places Cradock, Endicott, and Winthrop as governors in 1629. Winthrop is called the "chief" governor, and Endicott the "local" governor; but it will not probably be claimed that these adjective prefixes were legal titles, or were even used or known at the time. None of the compilers, or Savage, make any recognition of Conant.

Matthew Cradock was not a governor of the colony as a fact, but only so by a lively imagination and misapplication of a title. Roger Conant was not a governor of the colony as a fact, but only so by family invention and easy credulity, and John Endicott was not the first governor of the colony as a fact, but only so by local pride and pleasant fiction.

Somerville, and not Salem, gave birth to the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

SOMERVILLE, LIKE ROME, SITS ON HER SEVEN HILLS, EACH CROWNED WITH AN HISTORIC HALO.

By Mayor Charles A. Grimmons

" 'O Caesar, we who are about to die
Salute you!' was the gladiators' cry
In the arena, standing face to face
With death and with the Roman populace."

And as the gladiator faced great odds, so I feel as I approach the consideration of so grand a subject as has been assigned to me.

Somerville, which our orators delight to couple with the seven-hilled city of antiquity, has some features which go beyond the suggestion of our toastmaster. I should enjoy bringing an old Roman to our good city. The 'L' road across the Charles might suggest the picturesque aqueduct of Claudius in the Campagna; the Sullivan-Square terminal, an arch of peace, through which, like the arch of Constantine and of Titus, traffic passes without ceasing. I would show him Roman lines in the archi-

ture of our fire stations, and assure him that the purpose of the occupants is to put out fires, rather than perpetuate eternal ones, as did the Vestals in their Roman fire house. On Central Hill I would show him our temples of learning, where his own language is taught to-day. I would show him our Public Library, where his histories are perpetuated—and the institution itself as a finished accomplishment of the objects of the Roman Tabularium. I would show him our City Hall, whose architecture would suggest to him his own temple of Castor and Pollux, where assembled the lawmakers, and the temple of Saturn, where were received the taxes, and where the finances of the empire were administered. Further down the avenue the Armory would suggest the temple of Mars, where, however, war is now taught as a preservative of peace. He would miss his wine shops and circuses, and in their places I would show him our churches, where is preached the Christianity which arose and spread from the catacombs of his native city.

In contrast to Rome's historic heritage of war and conquest, I would tell him of our patriotic heritage of heroism, in peace as well as in war. Recalling a Roman triumph to the nation's heroes, with all its barbaric splendor, I would tell him how Somerville, a few years ago, gave a banquet to her civic heroes; how we all accorded them a veritable triumph; how we marched in their triumphal procession, brought them to our Somerville forum, ate with them bread and salt in token of our lasting friendship; crowning them, as it were, with a chaplet of our appreciative commendation, which is more lasting than the laurel or the bay leaf.

I would show him our Old Powder House, coming down to us from Colonial days, contemporaneous with a long struggle for religious and political liberty. I would show him our Prospect Hill, where was raised the first American flag, and whose beautiful tower commemorating that event was the crowning accomplishment of Somerville's most brilliant administration.

I would acknowledge to him that in the statue of Marcus Aurelius Rome has the finest specimen of ancient monuments; so we on Central Hill propose to erect one of the finest monuments of modern times to the memory of Somerville's soldiers

and sailors who fought in our Civil War. In comparison with compulsory service, which maintained the Roman arms, and leaves only glory without existence, I would tell him that our monuments are the proud acknowledgement of a voluntary service and patriotic motive, which are so ideal that they will perpetuate existence as well as an undying glory.

I would call his attention to the fact of the replacement of paganism by Christianity, of license by morality, of drunkenness by temperance, of war by peace, of slavery by freedom, of imperialism and its abuses by a government of the people, and that nowhere could he find the latter better exemplified than in our own city of Somerville, where the term "public servant" means absolutely that, and in the greatest degree.

The seven hills of Rome, in the light of history and morality, are crowned in fact, as well as in fancy, with a miasmatic mist; our seven hills present its direct antithesis—in the language of my toast, "crowns of patriotic glory."

MASSACHUSETTS, THE BRIGHTEST STAR IN THE NATIONAL CONSTELLATION

By Major Edward Glines

Before another month has come and gone a new star will have been added to that galaxy of stars which we call the United States of North America, but every addition of a new star upon our banner but gives additional lustre to the original thirteen, of which our own grand old commonwealth stands sixth in number.

To a citizen of Massachusetts called upon to sing her praises, it is a contemplation worthy of the best thought, the best mind, the best ability, and the best endeavor of which one is capable.

I would that it were in my power to express to you tonight the thoughts that must come to us all, and which involuntarily will seek expression, despite the inability to adequately give them voice. But it is a theme which I love, and which is dear to us all.

Massachusetts, representative of all that is highest, and noblest, and best in the history of that great republic which

stands at the forefront of the nations of the world, the character of her citizens is as sturdy as the rugged pines which grow upon her shores; her charities as wide as the world itself; her patriotism as pure as the love of a mother for her child.

In all human endeavor where self-sacrifice, where high and lofty purpose, where industry, and zeal, and patriotism have been required, Massachusetts has always been called upon, and has never been found wanting. First to shed her blood in the war of the Revolution and in our own terrible Civil struggle, first to respond in the late Spanish war; at the same time she has always been first in promoting the arts of peace; her schools, her colleges, and her institutions of learning thickly dot the hills and valleys of her broad expanse, and have disseminated light and learning throughout the broad domain of our republic.

Wherever among civilized peoples the name of Massachusetts has been known or spoken, it has always stood for what was highest and best in all that pertains to human advancement and happiness.

Her soldiers have shed their blood upon every important battlefield in every war that has been waged in the republic; her statesmen have adorned the halls of legislation, not only state, but also national, and have left their impress for good upon every page of our history.

Her judiciary has been second to none, not only in this free republic, but also in the monarchies of the old world, and the laws which they have interpreted stand to-day in the forefront of judicial decisions the world over.

Her ministers of the gospel have been noted for their depth of character, breadth of view, and religious fervor wherever the language is spoken or written, and her citizenship is generally acknowledged to stand pre-eminent for its breadth, intellectually, educationally, and humanely.

Had I the time, I could give innumerable instances familiar to you all of the illustrious names of men who have made Massachusetts great, but the time is too short, and I can only kneel with you at the altar of our love and affection and offer up my heartfelt tribute to the worth and greatness of my native state; to pay my tribute of love and veneration for the cherishing

mother to whom you and I owe a debt of gratitude for what we are and what we may become.

It is peculiarly fitting that in this beautiful city of Somerville, the brightest gem in Massachusetts' crown, that I, who have been so honored by you, should be permitted to speak the word which comes to the lips of us all in the praise of our grand old commonwealth. We stand here upon hallowed ground. These hills, now beautified and adorned by the habitations of man, once resounded to the shrill whistle of the bullet, the roar of the cannon, and the groans of the dying, who poured out their life's blood in the war of the Revolution that Massachusetts might live and continue to shine as a bright star in the wonderful constellation that was to be.

On these hills, within sight and sound of Bunker Hill, the sons of Massachusetts offered up their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, if need be, to preserve to themselves and their children, and their children's children the precious jewel of liberty of which our own state of Massachusetts was the first and greatest exponent.

At the foot of these hills, in the valley of the Mystic, was built the vessel which we are proud to call the real beginning of the American navy; and over these hills and through these valleys the men of Massachusetts have walked barefoot and on frozen ground to wrest the sceptre from the hand of tyranny, to tear down and destroy the false god of monarchy, and in its place to erect a temple dedicated by the lives of men perpetually to human liberty.

In all the history of the world no grander enconium can be given to the people than that they dedicated their lives to the cause of liberty, of truth, and of justice; and from the time that the Pilgrims first set foot upon the historic rock at Plymouth until the present day, Massachusetts has stood and does stand pre-eminent for those qualities of heart, of mind, and of soul which will make of the world, if carried to their fullest fruition, what it was intended to be by its Maker—the Kingdom of God made manifest among men upon earth. Massachusetts—the brightest star in the national constellation. Somerville—the brightest gem in Massachusetts' crown.

SOMERVILLE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

BY - LAWS.

ARTICLE I. NAME.

The name of this Society shall be the Somerville Historical Society.

ARTICLE II. OBJECT.

The object of this Society shall be the collection and preservation of everything relating to the history and antiquities of Somerville, and incidentally of other places, and the diffusion of knowledge concerning them.

ARTICLE III. MEMBERS.

1. Any person who, after being recommended for membership by the council, shall be elected by a majority of votes at any meeting, and shall pay the membership fee, shall be a member of this Society.

2. Members may become life members upon the payment of fifteen dollars, which shall exempt them from further dues.

3. Honorary and corresponding members may be elected, upon recommendation by the council, by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any meeting. They may enjoy all the privileges of membership, except voting.

ARTICLE IV. DUES.

1. The membership fee shall be one dollar payable on enrollment, which shall include all dues until the next annual meeting.
2. The annual dues shall be one dollar, payable in advance.
3. Non-payment of dues for two years shall forfeit membership.
4. Honorary and corresponding members shall be exempt from all dues.

ARTICLE V. OFFICERS.

1. The officers shall be a president, three vice-presidents, a recording secretary (who shall be clerk of the corporation), a corresponding secretary, a treasurer, a librarian and curator, and three others to complete the council. All of these, except the president, shall be elected by written ballot of the Society.
2. The president shall be elected by written ballot of the council.
3. These shall constitute a council of eleven members, who shall have all the powers of directors. This council shall be invested with all the powers of the corporation, except as may be inconsistent with these by-laws or repugnant to the statutes of the Commonwelath. It may fill all vacancies.
4. The council shall appoint the standing committees of this Society, and shall define their duties.
5. Three members of the council shall be a quorum thereof.

ARTICLE VI. DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

1. The officers of this Society shall perform the usual duties pertaining to their respective offices, and such other duties as may be otherwise stipulated in these by-laws.
2. The treasurer shall give a bond for the faithful performance of his duties, in such amount as shall be determined by the council, with sureties to be approved by the council.
3. The treasurer shall pay only upon the written approval

of the president and one vice-president. His books and accounts shall always be open to the inspection of the president, and to any committee appointed for the purpose by the council.

4. The treasurer, secretaries, and librarian and curator shall report in writing upon the work of their respective offices at each annual meeting.

ARTICLE VII. LIFE MEMBERSHIP FUND.

1. Fees received for life membership shall constitute said fund. Income accruing from said fund may be used for the general purposes of the Society.

ARTICLE VIII. MEETINGS.

1. The regular meetings of this Society shall be held on the first Monday evening in April and October, the meeting in April being the annual meeting.

2. Special meetings may be called by the corresponding secretary at the request of the president or at the written request of three members.

3. Ten members shall be a quorum.

ARTICLE IX. AMENDMENTS.

These by-laws may be altered or amended by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any meeting, notice whereof has been given in the call of such meeting.

LIST OF MEMBERS PAST AND PRESENT

Somerville Historical Society

†Mr. Herbert L. Adams	†Mr. Daniel E. Chase
†Mr. Winifred C. Akers	Mrs. J. Walter Christie
Mrs. Julia R. Aldrich	†Mr. Elijah C. Clark
†Mrs. Harrison Aldrich	†Mr. Herbert L. Clark
§Mrs. Hannah Allen	†Mr. Wilbur S. Clarke
†Miss Abbie A. Anderson	*Mr. Walter M. Coddington
Mrs. Ellen P. Angier	Mr. James Cohen
†Mrs. H. B. Armstrong	§Mr. Adelbert E. Cole
†Mr. Frank L. Arnold	†Mr. Charles W. Colman
†Mrs. E. C. Ashton	†Mr. Simon Connor
§*Mr. John F. Ayer	†Mr. William J. Corthell
§Mrs. John F. Ayer	†Mr. Edward Cox
Miss Frances M. Aymer	†Mr. Edward S. Cox
Miss Jane H. Aymer	†Mrs. Emma S. Cox
Mr. Oliver Bacon	†Mr. William H. Cushman
†Mr. Ernest W. Bailey	§* Mr. Alfred M. Cutler
†Mr. Harold C. Bailey	Mr. James R. Cutler
†Mr. Fred C. Baldwin	Mrs. Richard E. Cutler
†Mr. John N. Ball	*Mr. S. Newton Cutler
Mr. William L. Barber	§Dr. Charles K. Cutler
†Mr. William M. Barber	Mr. Charles X. Dalton
Mrs. Annie R. Barker	Mrs. Charles X. Dalton
Mr. James A. Barker	†Mrs. William E. Daniels
†Mrs. Sarah J. Battelle	†Mr. Samuel C. Darling
§*Mr. George L. Baxter	Mr. Joshua H. Davis
†Mr. Dana W. Bennett	†Dr. Roland A. Davis
†Col. Edwin C. Bennett	Mr. James F. Davlin
§*Mr. James F. Beard	§†Mr. Howard Dawson
*Miss Alice Burt Berry	Mr. Israel H. DeWolff
†Mr. William H. Berry	*Mr. George H. Derby
Mr. Norman W. Bingham, Jr.	†Mr. Roswell C. Downer
†Mr. Edward A. Binney	†*Mr. Frank E. Dickerman
†Mrs. Elizabeth Blodgett	†Mr. George H. Dickerman
§Dr. E. C. Booth	Mr. Quincy E. Dickerman
†Mr. Belding B. D. Bourne	†Mrs. Quincy E. Dickerman
†Mr. Charles E. Bowers	†Prof. A. E. Dolbear
Mr. S. Z. Bowman	†Mrs. Nellie Bradshaw Downer
†Mr. Harry P. Bradford	†Mr. Edward W. Doyle
†Mr. Charles E. Brainard	Miss Sarah M. Draper
Mr. William E. Brigham	†Mrs. Alma L. Durell
§†Mrs. Hannah S. Brine	Mr. John H. Dusseault
†Miss Nellie F. Brine	Mr. Samuel C. Earle
†Mr. William Percival Brine	†Miss Maverette E. Eddy
†§Mr. Elbridge L. Brooks	Mrs. Helen F. Edlefsen
†Mrs. Elbridge L. Brooks	†Mr. Albert W. Edmands
Mr. George E. Brown	*Mrs. Lucy Stone Edmands
†§Hon. George A. Bruce	§*Mr. Charles D. Elliot
†Mr. Francis Boyer	Miss Clara Z. Elliot
*Mrs. Francis Boyer	§*Mrs. Emily J. Elliot
†Mr. William Buckley	Miss Mary E. Elliot
†Mr. Walter H. Bullard	Mrs. Charlotte P. Emerson
†Mr. John Haskell Butler	*Mr. John S. Emerson
†Pres. Elmer H. Capen	†Mr. C. C. Farrington
Mrs. L. P. Carlisle	†Miss Rebecca Fillebrown
§Mr. Allen F. Carpenter	†Mr. Frank E. Fitts
§†Mrs. Allen F. Carpenter	Mrs. Harriet A. Fitz
†Mrs. Emily L. Carr	§†Mr. Otto Fleishner
Miss Florence E. Carr	*Mrs. Annie L. Fletcher
†Mr. Martin W. Carr	†Mr. William K. Fletcher
§Dr. A. C. Carvill	†Mrs. Mary B. Flint
Mrs. Harriett A. Chamberlain	†Mr. Warren F. Flint
†Mr. Russell T. Chamberlain	†Mr. J. Henry Flitner
†Mr. Leonard B. Chandler	†Mr. Charles C. Folsom
†Mrs. Annette F. Chapman	Mr. Sam Walter Foss
†Resigned.	§Charter members.
	*Life members.
	†Deceased.

†Mrs. Mae D. Frazar	§Mr. Frank W. Kaan
Mr. Benjamin F. Freeman	†Mr. James E. Kelly
†Mrs. Charles H. Frye	†Mr. Isaac B. Kendall
†Miss Emma Frye	Mr. Andrew M. Kidder
Mrs. Stephen M. Fuller	Mr. Arthur T. Kidder
Miss Anna S. Gage	Mr. George A. Kimball
§†Mrs. Barbara Galpin	Mrs. George A. Kimball
†Mr. Merle S. Getchell	Miss Marion Knapp
†Mr. Joseph J. Giles	†Mrs. O. S. Knapp
†Mr. J. Frank Giles	‡§Mrs. Alice E. Lake
†Mr. B. W. Gillette	†Miss Elsie S. Lake
*Mrs. Eunice M. Gilmore	Mr. F. DeWitt Lapham
†Mr. Howard A. Gilson	Mrs. F. DeWitt Lapham
†Mrs. Mary E. Gilson	§Mrs. Anna S. Leighton
†Mr. Valentine E. Gilson	§Mr. James H. Leighton
*Col. Edward Glines	†Mrs. Catherine Libby
Mrs. Elizabeth F. Goodrich	Mr. Charles P. Lincoln
Mr. Frank W. Goodrich	§†Mr. Charles S. Lincoln
Mr. George A. Gordon	†Mrs. Emma A. Lincoln
†Mr. Henry C. Graves	Mr. Williston Lincoln
Mrs. Emma Walter Gray	§*Mr. George E. Littlefield
Rev. Francis A. Gray	*Mr. Samuel T. Littlefield
Mr. Walter F. Grieves	Mrs. Samuel T. Littlefield
§†Mr. Nelson H. Grover	‡§Mr. Ernest S. Loring
Mrs. Emma P. Hadley	†Mrs. Ernest S. Loring
Mr. Henry S. Hadley	‡§Mr. George F. Loring
Miss Mary A. Haley	§Mrs. Sarah F. Loring
†Mr. John E. Hall	†Mrs. Martha P. Lowe
Mrs. Alice S. Hanson	Mrs. Mabel F. Luce
*Mr. J. Torr Harmer	§Mr. Robert Luce
§Mr. Albert L. Haskell	†Miss Eliza F. McKay
§†Mrs. Mary M. Haven	†Miss Mary M. McKay
Mr. Frank M. Hawes	†Mr. G. Roscoe Marsh
Mrs. Harriet F. Hawes	†Mr. George L. Marshall
Mr. Levi L. Hawes	*Mr. Seth Mason
Mrs. Mary D. Hawes	Prof. David L. Maulsby
*Mr. Joseph O. Hayden	Mrs. David L. Maulsby
†Miss Edith B. Hayes	Mrs. Caroline L. Maynard
Mrs. Emma S. Hayes	†Mrs. E. A. Maynard
§†Mr. John S. Hayes	†Mr. Walter C. Mentzer
†Miss Lydia Y. Hayes	Mr. Fred H. Merrifield
Mrs. Helen E. Heald	Mr. Frank E. Merrill
§Mrs. Charles M. Hemenway	†Mrs. May J. Miller
†Mrs. Caroline E. Henderson	Mrs. Harriet G. Minot
†Mr. John Herbert	†Mr. Walter H. Mitchell
†Mrs. Georgiana Hill	†Mr. William P. Mitchell
†Mr. Herbert P. Hill	Mr. Horace H. Morse
Mr. William H. Hilling	Mrs. John E. A. Mulliken
†Mr. William H. Hodgkins	§Mr. Arthur B. Munroe
†Mr. Frank S. Holden	†Mr. Edwin F. Nealley
Mrs. Florence E. Holmes	†Mr. William M. Newton
Mr. John Albert Holmes	†Mr. G. Leslie Nichols
Mr. William B. Holmes	†Mr. John L. Nichols
Mr. Charles W. Hopkins	†Mrs. John L. Nichols
Mr. James R. Hopkins	Miss Mary E. Northup
†Miss Isabel F. Horne	†Mr. Thomas T. O'Malley
†Mr. Frederick C. Hosmer	Mrs. Sarah M. Osgood
Mr. George M. Houghton	Mr. Henry D. Paddelford
†Mr. J. C. Howard	†Mr. Harold P. Palmer
§Mr. O. C. Hubbard	§* Mr. Frederick W. Parker
†Mrs. Anna H. Hunkins	Mrs. Frederick W. Parker
§†Miss Agnes M. Hunt	†Mrs. Clara B. Parkhurst
Mr. James F. Hunt	Mr. Melville C. Parkhurst
†Mr. Charles H. Hunter	†Mr. Charles E. Parks
Mrs. Ella Ruth Hurd	†Mr. Edward L. Pease
†Mr. George H. Ireland	Mrs. Ella Worth Pendergast
†Mr. Fred D. Irish	Mr. George H. Pendergast
†Mrs. Ann E. Johnson	Mrs. Leila Colby Pennock
§Miss Edith Johnson	†Mr. Nathan L. Pennock
Mrs. Elizabeth T. Johnson (nee Hammond)	Hon. Albion A. Perry
§†Mr. Melville D. Jones	Dr. Eugenie M. Phillips
§Mr. William P. Jones	Mr. Richard E. Pickthall
Miss Mary H. Joyce	†Mr. Luther B. Pillsbury
†Resigned.	Mrs. Mary A. Pillsbury
§Charter members.	*Life members.
	†Deceased.

†Mr. Henry W. Pitman	†Mr. Elmer E. Tilden
†Mr. Chester A. Polsey	†Mrs. Elmer E. Tilden
*Mr. George S. Poole	†Miss Helen Tinker
†Mrs. Charles G. Pope	‡Rev. Anson Titus
†Rev. Levi M. Powers	Mr. Andrew Tower
*Hon. George O. Proctor	Miss Harriet E. Tuell
†Mr. William H. Ralph	‡*†Mr. Albert Tufts
†Mrs. William H. Ralph	†Miss Alice M. Tufts
‡Hon. Frank H. Raymond	Mr. Francis Tufts
†Mrs. Clara B. Reed	Miss Martha B. Tufts
†Mr. Edwin F. Reed	†Mrs. Mary L. Tufts
†Mr. James F. Reynolds	Mr. Timothy Tufts
Mrs. R. H. Rhodes	†Mr. William Fuller Tufts
†Mr. Charles F. Rice	†Miss Minnie S. Turner
Mrs. Isaac Rich	†Mr. Augustus Underhill
Mr. Samuel T. Richards	†Mrs. Augustus Underhill
Mr. W. C. Richardson	Mr. Herbert E. Valentine
Mrs. W. C. Richardson	†Mr. William Veazie
Mrs. Carrie E. Robertson	‡Miss Anna P. Vinal
Mr. Charles S. Robertson	‡Miss Louise A. Vinal
†Mr. Albert M. Robinson	‡Mrs. S. Augusta Vinal
†Mr. Warren J. Robinson	‡†Mr. Quincy A. Vinal
†Mr. Cromwell G. Rowell	†Mr. George I. Vincent
†Mr. Christopher E. Rymes	†Mr. Rufus R. Wade
†Mrs. Clara B. Sackett	‡†Mr. George M. Wadsworth
Mr. Stephen D. Salmon	†Miss Lizzie F. Wait
Miss Adaline L. Sanborn	†Mrs. Mary E. Walker
†*Mr. Charles E. Sanborn	†Mr. Lewis A. Wallon
†Mr. Clifton P. Sanborn	†Mr. W. Fred Walters
†Mr. Daniel W. Sanborn	†Mrs. W. Fred Walters
Mr. J. Walter Sanborn	Miss Elizabeth A. Waters
Mrs. Lillian K. H. Sanborn	†Mr. William E. Weld
Mr. William A. Sanborn	*Miss Mina J. Wendell
†Mrs. Abbie M. Sanderson	‡*Mr. J. Frank Wellington
Mr. Aaron Sargent	Mrs. Hansom D. Wentworth
Mr. A. Eugene Sargent	‡*Hon. L. Roger Wentworth
†Mr. Charles W. Sawyer	†Mr. Thomas S. Wentworth
†Mr. Walter S. Sawyer	†Mr. Charles A. West
†Mrs. Amelia J. Sears	†Mrs. Charles A. West
‡†Mr. Charles I. Shepard	†Miss Alice L. Westgate
†Mr. George C. Skilton	†Mr. George A. Whipple
Mr. Arthur A. Smith	†Dr. Horace C. White
†Miss Marie T. Smith	‡Mr. J. Harvey White
†Mrs. Nellie P. Smith	Mr. W. W. White
†Mrs. Sarah A. Smith	†Mr. Charles T. C. Whitcomb
†Mr. Winthrop Smith	†Mr. William A. Whitehouse
Mr. Lemuel H. Snow	†Mrs. William A. Whitehouse
†Mrs. A. G. Sollers	†Mrs. George Whiting
‡†Mr. Gordon A. Southworth	Mr. James F. Whitney
‡†Mrs. Gordon A. Southworth	*Mr. B. Frank Wild
†Miss Mary E. Stiles	†Mr. Charles F. Wilder
‡Mr. Frederic W. Stone	†Mrs. Frances A. Wilder
†Mrs. S. A. Stone	‡†Mr. William J. Willard
‡Miss Sara A. Stone	*Mr. Charles Williams, Jr.
†Judge Isaac Story	†Mr. B. T. Williston
†Mr. Isaac M. Story	†Mrs. B. T. Williston
†Miss Annie G. Stover	Mrs. Mary E. Winning
†Miss Amy B. Sylvester	Mr. Albert E. Winship
†Mrs. Clara A. Sylvester	††Mrs. Amelia Wood
†Mr. John E. Sylvester	†Miss Katherine W. Wood
†Mrs. Clara Taylor	†Mr. James H. Woods
†Mrs. Isadore Taylor	Mr. John M. Woods
†Mr. Frank A. Teele	†Mrs. Lucy A. Woods
†Miss Jeanette P. Teele	†Miss Grace M. Wright
†Mr. Edward F. Thayer	Mr. Alphonso A. Wyman
†Mrs. Francis E. Thornton	
†Resigned.	‡Charter members.
	*Life members.
	†Deceased.

LIST OF OFFICERS PAST AND PRESENT

Presidents

Mr. George A. Bruce, 1897-1898	Mr. John F. Ayer, 1901-1904
Mr. Charles D. Eliot, 1898-1900	Mr. Frank M. Hawes, 1905—

Vice-Presidents

Mr. Charles D. Elliot, 1897	Mr. Luther B. Pillsbury, 1901-1905
Mr. John F. Ayer, 1898, 1905-1907	Mr. James F. Whitney, 1901, 1904-1906
Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks, 1898-1901	Mr. Levi L. Hawes, 1902-1907
Mr. Frederic W. Parker, 1898	Mr. Seth Mason, 1902
Mr. John S. Emerson, 1899	Mr. Oliver Bacon, 1903
Mr. F. DeWitt Lapham, 1907	

Recording Secretaries

Mr. George F. Loring, 1897-1898	Miss Florence E. Carr, 1900-1902
Mr. Alfred Morton Cutler, 1899	Mrs. Elizabeth F. Hammond, 1903-1904
Mrs. Florence E. Holmes, 1905-1907	

Corresponding Secretaries

Mr. George E. Littlefield, 1897	Miss Florence E. Carr, 1905
Mrs. V. E. Ayer, 1898-1904	Mrs. Ella Ruth Hurd, 1906-1907

Treasurers

Mr. Frederic W. Stone, 1897-1899	Mr. Seth Mason, 1903-1906
Mr. Oliver Bacon, 1900-1902	Mr. William B. Holmes, 1907

Librarians and Curators

Mr. Howard Dawson, 1897-1899	Mr. Alfred Morton Cutler, 1900—
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